★ Aug. 17, 1940

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Life with Father—The late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, adapted for the stage by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. Not quite as lifelike as the book, but very funny and satisfactory anyway. Mr. Lindsay is Father and Dorothy Stickney is Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A rather malicious and very witty comedy about an old New York *Times* dramatic critic, by his friends, Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart. Monty Woolley is almost perfect in the principal rôle. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Tobacco Road—They're talking now about keeping this creaky business going a while longer, after all. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Du Barry Was a Lady—Ethel Merman and Bert Lahr at their clowning zenith in a musical which is beautiful to look at and funny to listen to when it is not being *too* dirty. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Hellz-a-Poppin—Nice rough-and-tumble assortment of vaudeville acts, insanely led by Olsen and Johnson. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Higher and Higher—Lots of pretty girls and a Rodgers-and-Hart score just about making up for a dull book. With Sharkey the Seal and a supporting cast which includes Jack Haley and Shirley Ross. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Louisiana Purchase—Vera Zorina, William Gaxton, Irene Bordoni, and a lot of other people try to hamper Victor Moore in his efforts to clean up New Orleans. One of the year's best musical comedies, with a book by Morrie Ryskind and songs by Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Jones Beach—A big variety show, with a water ballet, water sports, and fireworks. (Marine Stadium, Jones Beach, L.I. Wantagh 1600. Sat. Eves. at 8:30.)

SUMMER STOCK

(In this listing you may find one or more theatres not too distant from where you happen to be in the country. No matinées, unless otherwise noted.)

Amherst—Ruth Chatterton in "Private Lives": through Sat., Aug. 17. (Kirby Theatre, Amherst, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Branford—Eddie Nugent and Helen Twelvetrees in "Man in the Moon," a new play by John Triggs: through Sat., Aug. 17. "Whistling in the Dark": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 20-24. (Montowese Playhouse, Indian Neck, Branford, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)

Cambridge—Miriam Battista in "White Cargo": through Sat., Aug. 17. Ann Corio in "The Barker": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 19-24. (Cambridge Summer Theatre, Brattle Hall, Cambridge, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed.)

Cape May—Julie Haydon in "The Cradle Song": through Sat., Aug. 17. Julie Haydon in "Stage Door": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 20-24. (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. 8:45.)

Cedarhurst—Ina Claire in "Biography": through Sat., Aug. 17. "Stage Door": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 19-24. (Cedarhurst Playhouse, Cedarhurst, L.I. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

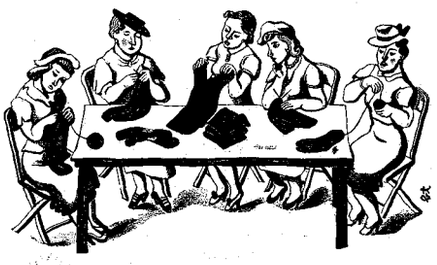
Clinton—Patricia Bowman in "After the Ball," a new musical by Edward Eager: through Sat., Aug. 17. Alexander Kirkland in "Her Master's Voice": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 19-24. (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Fri.)

Cohasset—Mady Christians in "No Time for Comedy": through Sat., Aug. 17. (South Shore Players, Cohasset, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Dennis—Tallulah Bankhead in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray": through Sat., Aug. 17. Grace George in "Kind Lady": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 19-24. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Fri.)

Fitchburg—Frankie Thomas, Jr., in "The Youngest": through Sat., Aug. 17. Ethel Barrymore in "The School for Scandal": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 19-24. (Lake Whalom Theatre, Fitchburg, Mass. 8:20. Mats. 2:20, Wed.)

Gloucester—Alison Skipworth in "Criminal at Large": through Sat., Aug. 17. Lenore Ulric in "Twentieth Century": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 19-24. (Bass Rocks Theatre, Gloucester, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 24. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

Great Neck—Peggy Converse and Maurice Burke in "There's Always Juliet": through Sat., Aug. 17. (Chapel Theatre, Middle Neck Rd., Great Neck, L.I. 8:50.)

Guilford—Constance Collier in "Hay Fever": through Sat., Aug. 17. Tonio Selwart in "Autumn Crocus": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 19-24. (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Harrison—Joe E. Brown in "Elmer the Great": through Sat., Aug. 17. Ruth Chatterton in "Pygmalion": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 19-24. (Deertrees Theatre, Harrison, Me. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., Thurs., and Fri.)

Ivoryton—Ethel Waters in "Mamba's Daughters": through Sat., Aug. 17. (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Fri.)

Jutland—Mitzi Mayfair in "Queen High": through Sat., Aug. 17. (Hunterdon Hills Playhouse, Jutland, N.J. 8:40. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Maplewood—Edna Ferber in "The Royal Family": through Sat., Aug. 17. Paul Robeson in "The Emperor Jones": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 19-24. (Maplewood Theatre, Maplewood, N.J. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Marblehead—Grace George in "Kind Lady": through Sat., Aug. 17. Tallulah Bankhead in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 19-24. (North Shore Players, Marblehead, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

Martha's Vineyard—"Brief Moment": through Sat., Aug. 17. "No Time for Comedy": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 19-24. (Rice Playhouse, Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Matunuck—Sheila Barrett in "Crazy with the Heat," a new revue by Dana Suesse, Milton Berle, John La Touche, and others: through Sat., Aug. 17. Laurette Taylor in "Outward Bound": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 19-24. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)

Nantucket—Morgan Farley in "End of Summer": Sun. through Tues., Aug. 18-20. (Nantucket Players, Nantucket, Mass. 8:45.)

New Hope—Peggy Wood in "Candida": through Sat., Aug. 17. Pauline Lord in "The Late Christopher Bean": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 19-24. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Newport—Norma Terris in "Not in Our Stars," a new comedy by Reginald Lawrence: through Sat., Aug. 17. Jane Cowl in "Madame X": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 20-24. (Casino Civic Theatre, Newport, R.I. Tues. Eves. at 9 o'clock; other Eves. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs.)

Ogunquit—Violet Heming and Bramwell Fletcher in "Design for Living": through Sat., Aug. 17. "The Hottentot": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 19-24. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Me. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Fri.)

Princeton—Paul Robeson in "The Emperor Jones": through Sat., Aug. 17. "Kiss the Boys Goodbye": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 19-24. (McCarter Theatre, Princeton, N.J. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.; extra Mat. Sat., Aug. 17.)

Ridgefield—Ezra Stone in "What a Life!": Fri. and Sat., Aug. 16-17. (New England Playhouse, Ridgefield, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Sat.)

Roslyn—"Soft Shoulders," a new play by Christopher Morley: through Sat., Aug. 17, and Mon. through Sat., Aug. 19-24. (Millpond Playhouse, Roslyn, L.I. 9 o'clock.)

Rye Beach—"The Bat": through Sat., Aug. 17. Frances Farmer in "Little Women": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 19-24. (Farragut Playhouse, Rye Beach, N.H. 8:30. Mat. 2:30, Sat., Aug. 24.)

Saratoga Springs—Francis Lederer in "No Time for Comedy": through Sat., Aug. 17. Joe E. Brown in "The Show-Off": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 19-24. (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. 9 o'clock. Mats. 2:40, Thurs.; extra Mat. Fri., Aug. 23.)

Schenectady—Sally Eilers in "Smilin' Through": through Sat., Aug. 17. Walter Hampden in "Richelieu": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 20-24. (Mohawk Drama Festival, Union College, Schenectady, N.Y. 8:45.)

Skowhegan—"Dollars and Horse Sense," a new comedy by Philip and Frances Fox Dunning: through Sat., Aug. 17. Harry Carey in "Ah, Wilderness!": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 19-24. (Lakewood Players, Skowhegan, Me. 8 o'clock. Mats. 2:30, Sat.)

Southampton—"Jeff Comes Home," a new play by John S. Rodell: through Sat., Aug. 17. "Late in the Day," another new play by Mr. Rodell: Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 22-24. (Parrish Memorial Theatre, Southampton, L.I. 8:45.)

Spring Lake—"Romantic Mr. Dickens," a new play by H. H. and Marguerite Harper: through Sat., Aug. 17. Lucile Watson in "Many Happy Returns," a new play by S. K. Lauren: Wed. through Sat., Aug. 21-24. (Community Playhouse, Spring Lake, N.J. 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Thurs. and Sat.)

Stockbridge—Ethel Barrymore in "The School for Scandal": through Sat., Aug. 17. "Love Rides the Rails, or Will the Mail Train Run Tonight?": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 19-24. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Westboro—"The Hottentot": through Sat., Aug. 17. Libby Holman in "Here Today": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 19-24. (Town Hall Playhouse, Westboro, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Westport—Kent Smith and Haila Stoddard in "Goodbye Again": through Sat., Aug. 17. "Serena Blandish": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 19-24. (Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

White Plains—Romney Brent and Gina Malo in "The World Walks In," a new play by John Campbell Crosby and John Golden: through Sat., Aug. 17. Ruth Gordon in "Here Today": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 19-24. (Ridgeway Theatre, White Plains, N.Y. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

Woodstock—Sinclair Lewis in "Shadow and Substance": Thurs. through Sun., Aug. 15-18. (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. 8:45.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of a number of places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. Some of those in the city may close for one or more nights over these summer weekends.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—One of those gardens with four walls and a roof, but it has a pleasant under-the-greenwood air all the same. Larry Siry's orchestra plays for dinner dancing.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—There's

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dancing on the Roof to the music of Alvino Rey and his orchestra.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—A small spot, and a nice one, with the Tisdale Trio and Nicki Raymond's orchestra.

Montparnasse, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—Not as far off the beaten track as you might think, and worth the journey anyway. A quintet plays for dancing.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Felix Ferry is in charge of things in the Café, where, at the supper hour, Joan Edwards sings and Bob Knight's orchestra plays.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—Radio City's aerial nook has Ray Heatherton's orchestra and a show. . . . Marlynn and Michael go on dancing in the Rainbow Grill, where Barry Winton's orchestra plays.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Virginia Morley and Livingston Gearhart, those young pianists, are on the Viennese Roof. Hal Saunders' orchestra supplies the music for dancing. Must dress if you want to dance.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Emile Petti's orchestra provides the music in the Café Lounge and, at the supper hour, John Buckmaster does monologues.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The hardy perennial for hardy people. Charlie Wright's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one on the East Side, with music by Nicholas D'Amico's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof isn't really out of doors, but then you can't find blue stars out of doors. Xavier Cugat contributes a smooth musical accompaniment for a dance team as well as for the guests, with Mischa Borr's orchestra alternating at the supper hour. Larry Adler is around with his harmonica.

Miscellaneous—At **Spivy's Roof**, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy herself heads the entertainers in this new supper club of hers. No dancing. . . . **Armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Frank Mandella's orchestra, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy. . . . **Penthouse Club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a lofty hideaway for dinner and supper, with soft music to listen to and the lights of Central Park to look at down below. No dancing. . . . **Warwick**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a secluded nook, with a mite of a dance floor. . . . **Astor Roof**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **New Yorker Hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Woody Herman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **Essex House**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Al Kavelin's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **Pennsylvania Roof**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Russ Morgan's orchestra. . . . **St. Moritz**, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . **Bossert Marine Roof**, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100): the view of the harbor is alone worth the trip; Eddie Lane's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **Bill's Gay Nineties**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): auld lang syne—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . **Kit Kat Club**, 152 E. 55 (EL 5-0543): a Negro show and Connie McLean's band; for late prowlers, this one. . . . **Jimmy Kelly's**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): another lively late spot for the sturdy. . . . **Village Vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar place, with, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's Trio and, except Mon., some Calypso singers.

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Broadway Atmosphere—At the **Diamond Horseshoe**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge. . . . **Beachcomber**, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): a not too languorous South Seas setting, with, except Mon., Sonny Kendis's orchestra. . . . **Hurricane**, B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): another tropical affair, with Eddie Bush's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. . . . **La Conga**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a downstairs place, with South American entertainment. . . . **18 Club**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't any too delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind.

Al-Fresco Dining—With dancing: **Claremont Inn**, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600); and **Tavern-on-the-Green**, Central Pk. W. at 67 (BU 8-3954). . . . Without dancing: **Chatham Walk**, Vanderbilt at 48 (VO 5-5400); **Pavillon Marguery**, 270 Park, at 47 (WI 2-9000); the **Japanese Garden** of the Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600); and the **Promenade Café**, in the Sunken Plaza, Rockefeller Center (CI 6-5800).

Mostly for Music—At the **Hickory House**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for customers who'd rather listen than dance. Adele Girard is there, too, with her harp. . . . **Café Society**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with Teddy Wilson's band, Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and the boogie-woogie pianists, Johnson and Ammons. Closed Mon. . . . **Nick's**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): among the boys in the coöperative band here are Joe Sullivan, Eddie Condon, and Pee Wee Russell.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **Castleholm**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **Queen Mary**, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Latin: **El Chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

OUT OF TOWN

Dancing at Nearby Places—Ben Riley's **Arrowhead Inn**, Henry Hudson P'kway, at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000): Irving Conn's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . Ben Marden's **Riviera**, at the other end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000): Leo Reisman's orchestra, Pancho's rumba band, Sophie Tucker, Harry Richman, and Joe E. Lewis. . . . **Westchester Bath Club**, 10 Lawn Terrace, Mamaroneck (Mamaroneck 543): Jack Towne's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **Glen Island Casino**, off Shore Rd., New Rochelle (Hamilton 4480): Bobby Byrne's orchestra. . . . **Boardwalk Café**, Jones Beach, L.I. (Wantagh 1600): Ozzie Nelson's orchestra; a fill-in band Mon. . . . **Chanticler**, Millburn and Short Hills Aves., Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): George Sterney's orchestra. . . . **Meadowbrook**, on Route 23, Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-9817): Joe Venuti's orchestra. Closed Mon.

Further Out of Town—At **Canoe Place Inn**, Montauk Highway, Hampton Bays, L.I. (Hampton Bays 150): Lou Lang's orchestra. . . . **New Prospect Hotel**, Shelter Island Heights, L.I. (Shelter Island 65): Charley Wood's orchestra. . . . **Seven Ponds Inn**, Montauk Highway, Water Mill, L.I. (Water Mill 500): a quartet plays for dancing, except Tues. . . . **Guido's Sapphire Room**, Monmouth County C.C., Eatontown, N.J. (Eatontown 95): Maximillian Bergère's orchestra. . . . The Spanish Grill of the **Monmouth Hotel**, Spring Lake Beach, N.J. (Spring Lake 330): Walter Feldkamp's orchestra. . . . **Perona Farm**, Andover, N.J. (Lake Mohawk 9600): Ray Rizzony's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **Ross Fenton Farm**, Deal Lake, North Asbury Park, N.J. (Asbury Park 2074): Eddie Oliver's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **Sea Bright Yacht Club**, on Route 36, Sea Bright, N.J. (Sea Bright 82): Ray Morton's orchestra. . . . **Arrowhead Inn**, Saratoga Springs: Ernie Holst's orchestra and a show. . . . **Piping Rock**, Saratoga Springs: Ted Straeter's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show.

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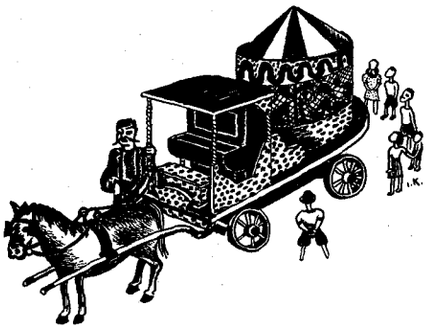
Dinner in the Country—Places to dine (mostly without dancing) while motoring—**Bethpage, L.I.**: Beau Séjour (Hicksville 91). . . . **Brookhaven, L.I.**: Brook House (Bellport 394). . . . **Hampton Bays, L.I.**: Catena's Restaurant (Hampton Bays 170). . . . **Lake Success, L.I.**: Lakeville Manor Inn (Great Neck 2790). . . . **Oakdale, L.I.**: Stirrup-Cup Castle (Sayville 889). . . . **Smithtown, L.I.**: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016). . . . **South Huntington, L.I.**: Round Hill Restaurant, on Jericho Turnpike (Huntington 1371). . . . **Syosset, L.I.**: Stockholm, on Jericho Turnpike (Syosset 1749). . . . **Westhampton, L.I.**: Casa Basso (Westhampton 1841). . . . **Amawalk, N.Y.**: Benedusi's, on Route 202 (Yorktown 984). . . . **Cold Spring, N.Y.**: Harbor Hill Inn, on Lane Gate Rd., off Route 301 (Cold Spring 975). . . . **Dover Plains, N.Y.**: Old Drover's Inn, on Route 22 (Dover Plains 2781). . . . **Hawthorne, N.Y.**: Valley View Farm, on Old Saw Mill River Rd., near P'kway (Pleasantville 120). . . . **Mt. Kisco, N.Y.**: Lawrence Farms Inn, on Route 117 (Mt. Kisco 5324). . . . **New City, N.Y.**: French Farms (New City 981). . . . **Poundridge, N.Y.**: Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 9371); and Rainbow Tea House (Bedford Village 616). . . . **Sloatsburg, N.Y.**: Vailati's, on Route 17, near Tuxedo (Sloatsburg 245). . . . **Bridgewater, Conn.**: Hilltop Farm (New Milford 830). . . . **Danbury, Conn.**: White Turkey Inn, on Route 7 (Danbury 4548). . . . **Norwalk, Conn.**: Silvermine Tavern, Perry and Silvermine Aves. (Norwalk 88). . . . **Redding Ridge, Conn.**: Spinning Wheel (Redding 67). . . . **Ridgefield, Conn.**: Outpost Inn, on Route 33 (Ridgefield 882); dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves. . . . **Southport, Conn.**: Tide Mill Tavern, off Post Rd. (Fairfield 9-2900). . . . **Westport, Conn.**: Cobb's Mill Inn, on Route 57 (Westport 4330); dancing Wed., Fri., and Sat. Eves.; and Red Barn, off Merritt P'kway (Westport 3971). . . . **Alpine, N.J.**: Le Petit Pavillon Royal, on Route 9W (Closter 788). . . . **Bernardsville, N.J.**: Old Mill Inn, on Route 32 (Bernardsville 70). . . . **Doylestown, Pa.**: Water Wheel Tavern, Old Route 611 (Doylestown 7941).



ART

Americans in Hollywood—An exhibition of pictures painted by nine native artists, including Benton, Biddle, and Wood, in connection with the filming of the O'Neill play, "The Long Voyage Home": Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 10.

Catlin—Carefully documented pictures by this nineteenth-century painter of Indian life; also, selected works by other Americans: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 6.

Europeans and Americans—A varied show of modern painters, with the Americans—Hartley, Nordfeldt, Maurer, to name a few—coming out on top: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Mon. through Thurs., 2 to 4 P.M.; Fri., 10:30 A.M. to 12:30 P.M.; through Sept. 28.

French—At the **Perls**, 32 E. 58: An attractively contrasted group of works by modern and modern-primitive artists of the Paris school. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . **Harriman**, 63 E. 57: Matisses, Picassos, Derains, and so on—most of them good ones. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 27.

Groups—At the **Milch**, 108 W. 57: paintings by contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . **Macbeth**, 11 E. 57: from William S. Mount and A. H. Wyant to Robert Philipp and Jon Corbino, with the elders having a shade the edge of things. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . **Walker**, 108 E. 57: Curry, Ruellan, and Grosz, in a showing of contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 23. . . . **Contemporary Arts**, 38 W. 57: paintings by Csoka, Corbino, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . **Kraushaar**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: du Bois, Bouché, Schnakenberg, among other present-day Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Mexican art from away back right up to the present in a big, varied, but surprisingly coherent show that fills the Museum and overflows into the garden behind it. A new fresco by Orozco is on view. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 104—A comprehensive showing of paintings, sculptures, and prints by contemporary Brazilian, Dominican, Ecuadorian, Mexican, and Venezuelan artists. Tues. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 20.

Soviet Graphic Art—Some remarkably gay illustrations for children's tales set the tone for a collection of woodcuts, color prints, and other graphics: A.C.A., 52 W. 8. Thurs., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

Here and There—At the **Mayer**, 41 E. 57: British and American water colors and prints. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . **Montross**, 785 5 Ave., at 60: oils and water colors by twenty-five contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . **F.A.R.**, 19 E. 61: original aquatints by Goya. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 16. . . . **Artists'**, 113 W. 13: paintings and sculptures by members of this gallery's group. Daily 2 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 23.

MUSIC

Goldman Band—Final concerts of the season: Central Park Mall, Fri. and Sun. Eves., Aug. 16 and 18, at 8:30; Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Thurs. and Sat. Eves., Aug. 15 and 17, at 8:30.

Opera—The New York La Scala Opera Association, under the direction of Alfredo Salmaggi, presenting "La Traviata": Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave., at Ashland Place (ST 3-6700), Sat. Eve., Aug. 24, at 8:20.

Out of Town—The **Berkshire Symphonic Festival**, Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting: Tanglewood, Route 183, between Stockbridge and Lenox, Mass., Thurs. Eve., Aug. 15, at 7 and 9:30; Allied Relief Fund benefit, Fri. Eve., Aug. 16, at 6; Sat. Eve., Aug. 17, at 8:30; and, final concert of the season, Sun. Aft., Aug. 18, at 3:30. Special features: Bach B-minor Mass, with Schumann, Kipnis, and others, Aug. 15; Spalding, Piatigorsky, and others, Aug. 16; Maynor, Aug. 17. . . . **Bennington Festival**, College Theatre, Bennington, Vt.: chamber-music concerts, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Aug. 16-17, at 4; Martha Graham and her group, Thurs. and Sat. Eves., Aug. 15 and 17, at 9. . . . **Colony Opera Guild**, presenting "H.M.S. Pinafore": Barn Theatre, on the estate of Mrs. Charles S. Peabody, Bolton Rd., Lake George, N.Y., Fri. Eve., Aug. 16, at 8:45. . . . **Gordon String Quartet**: The Hall, Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., Sat. and Wed. Afts., Aug. 17 and 21, at 3:30, and Sun. Aft., Aug. 18, at 4. . . . **South Mountain String Quartet**: Temple of Music, South Mountain, Pittsfield, Mass., Fri. Aft., Aug. 16, at 4. Soloist: Bauer. . . . **Curtis**

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

STRING QUARTET: Captain Eell's Boat Barn, Rockport, Me., Sun. Eve., Aug. 18, at 8:30.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Thurs. Aft., Aug. 15, at 3:15. Yankees vs. Detroit, Mon. through Wed. Afts., Aug. 19-21, at 3:15. Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thurs. and Fri. Afts., Aug. 22-23, at 3:15; Sat. Aft., Aug. 24, at 3. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Fri. Eve., Aug. 16, at 8:45; Sat. Aft., Aug. 17, at 3; Sun. Aft., Aug. 18 (doubleheader), at 2. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Thurs. Aft., Aug. 15, at 3. Dodgers vs. Boston, Fri. Eve., Aug. 16, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Aug. 18 (doubleheader), at 2:05.

DOG SHOWS—Lake Placid Kennel Club, Lake Placid, N.Y., Fri., Aug. 16, at 9 A.M. . . . Mohawk Valley Kennel Club, Bolton Landing, Lake George, N.Y., Sat., Aug. 17, at 9 A.M. . . . Wildwood Kennel Club, McGregor G.C., Saratoga Springs, N.Y., Sun., Aug. 18, at 9 A.M. . . . Profile Kennel Club, Hampton Beach, N.H., Fri., Aug. 23, at 9 A.M.

GOLF—Invitation Tournament, Green Meadow Club, Harrison, N.Y., Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 15-17. . . . Red Cross benefit match, Fairview C.C., Elmsford, N.Y., Sun., Aug. 18. . . . Metropolitan Junior Championship, Montclair G.C., Montclair, N.J., Wed. through Fri., Aug. 21-23. . . . Invitation Tournament, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, L.I., Fri. through Sun., Aug. 23-25. . . . Red Cross benefit match, National Golf Links of America, Southampton, L.I., Sat., Aug. 24.

HORSE SHOWS—North Shore, Stony Brook, L.I., Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 15-16, at 9 A.M., and Sat., Aug. 17, at 2 P.M. . . . Lake Placid, Sat., Aug. 17, at 10 A.M., and Sun., Aug. 18, at 1:30 P.M. . . . Eastern Slope, North Conway, N.H., Tues. and Wed., Aug. 20-21, at 9:30 A.M. . . . Cohasset, Mass., Fri. and Sat., Aug. 23-24, at 10 A.M., and Sun., Aug. 25, at 2 P.M. . . . Mt. Pocono, Pa., Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 22-23, at 10 A.M., and Sat., Aug. 24, at 9:30 A.M.

POLO—High-goal play at Bostwick Field, Jericho Turnpike (Route 25), Westbury, Sun. Afts. at 3:30; and at the Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Sat. and Sun. Afts. at 3:30, and Tues. and Thurs. Afts. at 5:30.

RACING—Weekdays at Saratoga Springs, at 2:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. The Spinaway and the Travers, Aug. 17; the Grand Union Hotel Stakes and the Merchants and Citizens Handicap, Aug. 24. (Regular trains leave Grand Central weekdays at 9:30 A.M., arriving Saratoga at 1:33 P.M. The Saturday Special leaves Grand Central at 9:30 A.M., arriving Saratoga at 1:30 P.M.)

SPEEDBOATS—Gold Cup Race, Indian Harbor Y.C., Northport, L.I., Sat., Aug. 17, at 2 P.M. . . . National Sweepstakes Regatta, Red Bank, N.J., Sat. and Sun., Aug. 24-25, at 11 A.M.

TENNIS—Invitation Tournament, Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I., daily through Sat., Aug. 17. . . . National Doubles, Longwood C.C., Chestnut Hill, Mass., Mon. through Sat., Aug. 19-24.

TROTTING—Grand Circuit, Good Time Park, Goshen, N.Y., daily through Fri., Aug. 16, at 2 P.M.

YACHTING—Annual Cruise, N.Y.Y.C., through Wed., Aug. 21 (Annual Regatta, Buzzards Bay, Aug. 15; King's Cup Race, Marblehead, Aug. 20). . . . Cornfield Lightship and Stratford Shoal Races, City Island Y.C., City Island, Sat., Aug. 17. . . . Race Week, New Bedford Y.C., New Bedford, Mass., Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 20-22. . . . Second Overnight Race, Huntington Y.C., Huntington, L.I., Sat., Aug. 24.

Championship races on the Sound, at 1:45 P.M.: Huguenot Y.C., Sat., Aug. 17; N.Y.A.C., Sat., Aug. 24.

OTHER EVENTS

ARMY MANEUVERS—Nearly a hundred thousand officers and men of the regular Army, National Guard, and organized reserves from all parts of the Northeast will be drilling at Plattsburg, N.Y., through Sat., Aug. 31.

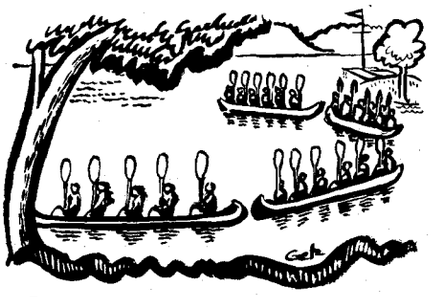
DA VINCI EXHIBITION—Two hundred or more models of the Italian master's inventions, recently constructed in Milan from his sketches and notes: Museum of Science and Industry, R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center, daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

BENEFIT—Ethel Waters, Bill Robinson, and an orchestra with, among others, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Gene Krupa, Teddy Wilson, and John Kirby, in a benefit for Bethune-Cookman College, a Negro institution in Daytona, Fla.; also on the bill is a 15-round bantamweight championship match between Georgie Pace and Lou Salica: Polo Grounds, Thurs. Eve., Aug. 22, at 8:15. Tickets may be purchased through Western Union and Postal Telegraph.

ON THE AIR

WENDELL L. WILLKIE—Speaking Sat. Aft., Aug. 17: an informal address in his home town, Elwood, Ind., at 4:15, WABC, WJZ, and his acceptance speech at 5, WABC, WEAF, WJZ, WOR.

WAR MANEUVERS—First-hand descriptions of the Army



THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 24. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

activities in upstate New York: Thurs. Aft., Aug. 15, at 5:30, WABC; Fri. Eve., Aug. 16, at 10:45, WABC; Sat. Eve., Aug. 17, at 9:30, WJZ; Sun. Aft., Aug. 18, at 3, WEAF, and at 5, WABC; Mon. Aft., Aug. 19, at 5:30, WABC.

RACING—At Saratoga Springs: the Travers, Sat. Aft., Aug. 17, at 5:30, WABC; the Merchants and Citizens Handicap, Sat. Aft., Aug. 24, at 5:30, WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:45, and Wed. and Sat. Eves. at 7:45, WEAF. . . . Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:05, WABC. . . . Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:45, WJZ. . . . Wythe Williams, Sun. Eves. at 7:45, and Mon. Eves. at 9, WOR. . . . Janet Flanner, Thurs. Eve., Aug. 15, at 9, WQXR. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Thurs. Eves., Aug. 19, 21, and 22, at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

News broadcasts from abroad: weekdays at 6:45 and 10:30 P.M., WABC; Tues. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC, WJZ.

FREQUENCY MODULATION—The new "staticless-radio" programs are being broadcast by the following stations: W2XOR, daily from 9 A.M. to midnight; W2XWG, weekdays from 3 to 11 P.M.; W2XMN, weekdays from 4 to 11 P.M., and Sun., from 3 to 6 P.M.; and W2XQR, daily from 5 to 10 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

THE BAKER'S WIFE—A racy French item, which has a great deal of charm, about a peasant (Raimu) who has wife trouble. (World, 153 W. 49.)

DAYBREAK—If you're a Jean Gabin fancier, here he is in another French film—as a murderer with a likable streak. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

DISNEY FESTIVAL—A reshowing of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and four shorts. (Criterion, B'way at 44; through Sat., Aug. 17.)

EDISON, THE MAN—A somewhat schoolroomish yet well-handled story of the inventor's active years. With Spencer Tracy. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 17-19. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Tues., Aug. 17-20. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 20-21. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Fri., Aug. 20-23. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 22-24.)

THE GHOST BREAKERS—Like "The Cat and the Canary"—laughs and squeals throughout, and a good one of its kind. With Paulette Goddard and Bob Hope. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Aug. 19. . . . State, B'way at 45; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Aug. 21.)

GONE WITH THE WIND—Still fine for those four hours you don't know what to do with just after dinner. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

I LOVE YOU AGAIN—William Powell and Myrna Loy, expertly directed by W. S. Van Dyke, in a comedy you're practically certain to enjoy. (Capitol, B'way at 51; opening Thurs., Aug. 15.)

THE MAN I MARRIED—A sober, sharply pointed tale of Germany in 1938. Well played by a cast headed by Joan Bennett and Francis Lederer. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Nemo, B'way at 110; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Mon., Aug. 19. . . . Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., Aug. 21.)

THE MORTAL STORM—Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan in a restrained yet terrifying story of a German family and how it fared after Hitler came into power. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., Aug. 19. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Aug. 20-24. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; starting Fri., Aug. 23.)

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE—Hollywood has not tampered with Miss Austen's story, and there's a fine cast headed by Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

QUEEN OF DESTINY—This had one brief showing a couple of years ago as "Sixty Glorious Years," and is now being brought back under a new name. It's a rich Technicolor pageant with Anna Neagle as Queen Victoria and Anton Walbrook as her consort. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Nemo, B'way at 110; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Mon., Aug. 19. . . . Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., Aug. 21.)

THE RETURN OF FRANK JAMES—Good blood-and-thunder stuff, climaxed by one of the funniest courtroom scenes you ever saw. Henry Fonda is the bandit in question. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

SUSAN AND GOD—What happens when a *Social Register* matron gets religion, according to Rachel Crothers. With Joan Crawford and Fredric March. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., Aug. 19. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Aug. 16-18. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 16-19.)

REVIVALS

ANYTHING GOES (1936)—Ethel Merman and Bing Crosby. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 20-21.)

CATHERINE, THE GREAT (1934)—Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Aug. 18-19.)

DAVID COPPERFIELD (1935)—Freddie Bartholomew and W. C. Fields. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 16-19.)

ESCAPE ME NEVER (1935)—With Elisabeth Bergner. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 20-22.)

THE GHOST GOES WEST (1935)—A René Clair film, with Robert Donat. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., Aug. 18-19.)

I AM THE LAW (1938)—With Edward G. Robinson. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., Aug. 18-19.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—With Dame May Whitty. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Aug. 16.)

LOVE AFFAIR (1939)—Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 21-22.)

MAN OF ARAN (1934)—A Robert Flaherty film. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 20-22.)

LE MILLION (1931)—A René Clair film, with Annabella. French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., Aug. 19-21.)

MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON (1939)—Jean Arthur and James Stewart. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Aug. 17.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII (1933)—With Charles Laughton. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Thurs., Aug. 15.)

PYGMALION (1938)—Wendy Hiller and Leslie Howard. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 16-19.)

THE RIVER (1938)—A Pare Lorentz film. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Aug. 17-20.)

SECRET AGENT (1936)—Madeleine Carroll, John Gielgud, and Peter Lorre. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Mon. and Tues., Aug. 19-20.)

STELLA DALLAS (1937)—Barbara Stanwyck and John Boles. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Aug. 15.)

THEODORA GOES WILD (1936)—Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Aug. 16.)

THE WOMEN (1939)—Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, and Rosalind Russell. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Aug. 16.)

THE YOUNG IN HEART (1938)—Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 20-21.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following comedies weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: Four 1916 Chaplin comedies, Thurs., Aug. 15. "It Happened One Night," with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, Fri., Aug. 16. "Duck Soup," with the Marx Brothers, and "The Barber Shop," with W. C. Fields, Sat., Aug. 17. "The Sex Life of the Polyp," with Robert Benchley, and "Blonde Crazy," with Joan Blondell and James Cagney, Sun., Aug. 18. "The General," with Buster Keaton, Mon., Aug. 19. "Wedding Bills," with Raymond Griffith, and "Big Business," with Laurel and Hardy, Tues., Aug. 20. "The Strong Man," with Harry Langdon, and "The Professional Patient," with Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, Wed., Aug. 21. "The Freshman" and "High and Dizzy," both with Harold Lloyd, Thurs. Aug. 22. "Grandma's Boy," with Harold Lloyd, and "Sherlock Jr.," with Buster Keaton, Fri., Aug. 23. "Doubling for Romeo," with Will Rogers and Raymond Hatton, and "Goodness Gracious," with Clara Kimball Young and Sidney Drew, Sat., Aug. 24.

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THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Gates open daily at 9 A.M. Admission: adults, 50 cents; children, 25 cents. Most shows in the exhibit, transportation, and foreign-federal areas open at 10 A.M. and close at 10 P.M., but some restaurants and bars there stay open later if trade warrants. Amusement area perks up in the late afternoon and keeps going until 2 A.M. . . . Fountain and fireworks displays nightly on the Lagoon at 9:15, on Liberty Lake at 10. . . . The places you most want to see are almost sure to be crowded, at least in good weather.

TRANSPORTATION

By Rail—The L.I.R.R.: the fastest way to get there. Daily shuttle service to exhibit-area gate. Trains every 10 or 15 minutes, 9 A.M. to 9:45 P.M., from Tracks 15 and 16, Penn. Station (L.I. side). From the Fair, trains every 15 or 20 minutes; last train leaves at 2:58 A.M. A 10- or 15-minute run. . . . **Independent subway:** best for amusement area. Take Queens train marked "E" to Continental Ave. station, cross platform, board train marked "GG." A half-hour trip from midtown Manhattan. . . . I.R.T. and B.-M.T.: Flushing trains stop at exhibit-area gate.

By Auto—Cars not admitted to Fair. Parking lots, a short bus ride from gates, 25 cents a day. Triborough Bridge is pleasantest route from midtown Manhattan.

By Bus—Double-decker Fifth Avenue bus (No. 15) starts at 25th St., turns East on 57th St., and crosses the Queensboro Bridge, providing a slow but reasonably comfortable trip to the transportation-area gate.

At the Fair—Roller and motor chairs with guides may be hired. Buses and tractor-pulled trains of open coaches have regular routes about the grounds. Ferries operate across the lake to the Florida Building (I) from the docks near Heineken's (H) and American Jubilee (K).

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Be prepared for last-minute changes in programs and schedules.)

MORE OR LESS SERIOUS

Ford (G)—Once an hour the Ballet Caravan puts on a lively skit based on Mr. Ford's success in relieving the horse of many of its duties. Movies of mass production, and a fashion show, too. Some tractors parade in a field outside, and then settle down to a little serious tilling.

Gardens on Parade (A)—Seasonal flowers in the gardens, and a special exhibit of lilies. Admission, 25 cents.

General Motors (F)—Better tackle the Futurama on a rainy day. It's practically impossible to squeeze in when the Fair's crowded. Opens at 9 A.M.

House of Jewels (C)—Another exhibit that frequently has a long waiting line. Precious stones of staggering value, including what is said to be the largest pearl in the world. Opens at 11 A.M., closes at 9 P.M.

Masterpieces of Art (C)—About 400 canvases, representing all schools from the Renaissance through the nineteenth century, in a show that may not be quite as brilliant as last year's but still is good. Admission: 50 cents weekdays, 25 cents Sun.

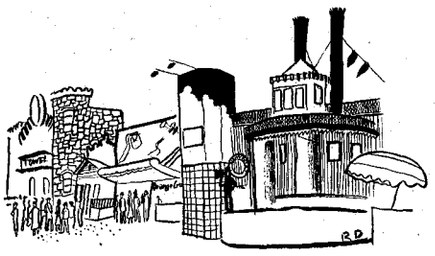
Railroads (F)—Engines and other rolling stock, accompanied by Kurt Weill music, appear in a big pageant called "Railroads on Parade," put on daily at 11:30 A.M. and 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. Admission, 25 and 55 cents. . . . "Railroads in Action," a 30-minute show of model trains scooting here and there, is presented continuously from 10:15 A.M. to 8:15 P.M.

Telephones (C)—Out-of-towners have the time of their lives calling up the folks back home while you unashamedly listen in.

Trylon and Perisphere—There they stand. Admission, 25 cents.

World of Fashion (D)—A bright array of feminine fashions includes a show, weekdays at 4:30 and 8 P.M., in which models display the latest gowns.

Others of Interest—At **America at Home** (C): a theatrical arrangement of model interiors, from which you may pick up some useful pointers. . . . **American Art Today** (A): the WPA's big and sprightly exhibit of paintings, sculptures, prints, murals, and folk art. . . . **Aviation** (G): transport and fighting planes, including the Army's new Curtiss P-40, a camouflaged pursuit ship which is supposed to be able to do 400 miles an hour and is being shown publicly for the first time. . . . **Borden's** (D): cows living their modern lives on and off the Rotolactor. . . . **Chrysler** (F): an amiable talking-and-cavorting car, and a glimpse of what a rocket port might look like. . . . **Consolidated Edison** (D): a diorama of the city by day and night. . . . **du Pont** (D): demonstrations of how nylon and other synthetic wonders have come out of a test tube. . . . **Electric Utilities** (E): what a New York street was like before the town was wired for light. . . . **Electrified Farm** (A): showing how far the countryside has come from the kerosene and hand-pump days. . . . **Firestone** (G): a complete tire factory, and live animals which you're supposed to imagine are in a Liberian jungle. . . . **General Electric** (E): they whip up a scary flash of lightning for you in Steinmetz Hall and show you quieter electrical tricks in the House of Magic. . . . **Glass Center** (D): glass-blowers busy at their craft, and glass being woven into cloth. . . . **Goodrich** (F): daredevil drivers, both male and female, skidding every which way; shows Mon. through Fri. at 11 A.M., noon, and 2, 4, 6, and 7 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. every hour from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **Hall of Inventions** (D): actual models, mostly of nineteenth-century gadgets, culled from the collection of the Patent Office. . . . **Kodak** (D): quantities of colored photographs, many times enlarged, thrown on eleven screens at once. . . . **Petroleum** (D): a full-sized oil derrick diligently, and thus far futilely, searching for oil hundreds of feet under Flushing. . . . **R.C.A.** (C): the latest in television. . . . **Stamp Exhibit**, in the British Building (A): a collection from England honoring the stick-on stamp on its hundredth birthday. . . . **Westinghouse** (E): a drop of water magnified on a screen to reveal all the tiny creatures inhabiting it and how they can be killed by light. . . . **Zoological Wonders** (H): a playful panda, an electric eel, and a bevy of penguins.



A SELECTIVE GUIDE FOR THE INDULGENT FAIRGOER

A CODE LETTER, CORRESPONDING TO ONE ON THE MAP BELOW, INDICATES THE SECTION OF THE FAIR IN WHICH EACH PLACE MENTIONED IS TO BE FOUND. THIS LISTING COVERS THE PERIOD FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21.

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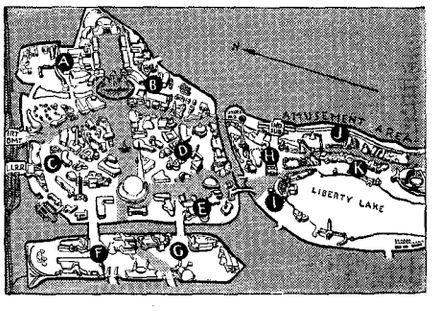
Foreign Buildings—All are in the foreign-federal area (A and B) unless otherwise noted. There are fewer of them this year, but among the attractive ones still open are those of Great Britain, Poland, Finland, Brazil, and, for the time being, at least, France and Italy. The pavilions of Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, and Sweden (D) are run by sympathetic private groups. Many of the buildings have restful gardens and pleasant bars.

State Exhibits—Most of these are cluttered up with statistics, but Florida's (I) has an inviting beach on the lake front and an inviting interior, too. New York's (I) offers some rare historical documents, and the New England group (B) shows a full-rigged ship, which children like to clamber over.



THAT GREAT WHITE WAY

American Jubilee (K)—The Fair's own patriotic pageant, staged by Leon Leonidoff, with Lucy Monroe, Ray Middleton, and Paul Haakon heading a cast of 350. Joe Jackson wrestles with his bicycle, and the songs are by Oscar Hammerstein II and Arthur Schwartz. Daily at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

Aquacade (I)—A fresh version of the Billy Rose water spectacle that did so well last year. Eleanor Holm is there, and so are Buster Crabbe, Everett Marshall, and Vincent Lopez's orchestra. Daily at 3, 5, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

Gay New Orleans (H)—An enormous place, with bars, restaurants, and so on, and, in the centre of things, a stage where Hassard Short's elaborate white and colored revues follow one another in enjoyable and almost never-ending succession.

The Streets of Paris (H)—Michael Todd's shortened production, in the Fair's big Music Hall, of last year's Broadway revue, with Gypsy Rose Lee. Mon. through Fri. at 5, 8:45, and 10:30 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:30 P.M.

Zombie (J)—One of those South Sea settings, with drinks to match. There's a rumba band in the garden every night except Mon.

Some Other Places—At **Barbary Coast** (J): the customers around a large and generally crowded bar are prodded into dubious harmonizing by Kay Parsons and other musical folk. . . . **Dancing Campus** (I): Michael Todd's outdoor dance floor, which is frequently taken over by the very young and violent; dancing from about 6 P.M. on. . . . **Jungleland** (J): Frank Buck presents a circus and a mountain swarming with monkeys. . . . **Midget Town** (H): Morris Gest's troupe of small folk in a miniature village. . . . **Odditorium** (K): Ripley's "Believe It or Not" collection of strange people. . . . **Parachute Jump** (H): they pull you up about twenty floors and then let you drop; a honey if you don't mind heights. . . . **Wall of Death** (K): hair-raising stunts by motorcyclists on the vertical walls of a motordrome. . . . **Winter Wonderland** (J): a skate-and-ski show that's cool to look at these days; frequent performances during the late afternoon and evening.

RESTAURANTS

(This is a list of some eating places at the Fair which, for one reason or another—frequently the setting—seem to call for special notice, but there are many others equally satisfactory. The service at any of them may be sketchy during hours when they're crowded.)

Ballantine's (H): the dean of the Fair restaurants, with sturdy food and a new outdoor bar. . . . **Belgian Building** (B): the fountain show seems to be put on especially for diners on this awninged terrace. . . . **Brazilian Building** (A): there's real Brazilian music here at the dinner hour. . . . **French Building** (A): happily, this well-loved restaurant is staying open. . . . **Gardens on Parade** (A): a bar, a soda fountain, and a friendly little café. . . . **Heineken's** (H): sustaining Dutch food and a view of the fireworks from the veranda. . . . **Hungarian Pavilion** (A): tables in the garden for patrons of the goulash bar, and an attractive restaurant upstairs for real dining. . . . **Iraq Pavilion** (A): what's good in Arabia is good here. . . . **McGinnis** (C): sea food and charcoal-broiled steaks in a pavilion as gay as a circus tent. . . . **Norwegian Building** (B): the *smörgåsbord* and the Wishing Pool will surely get you. . . . **Pabst** (K): a beer garden with a lakeside setting and maple trees twinkling with lights. . . . **Polish Building** (A): they still cook Polish, and that's what matters. . . . **Ponce de Leon Patio** (I): one takes a motorboat to the Florida Building to sample Tampa's best. . . . **Ruby Foo's Lama Temple** (J): habit-forming Chinese food in a lively and gaudy setting. . . . **Rumania** (B): reasonably good fare in a charming restaurant and garden. . . . **Swedish Building** (D): snacks in the large, shady courtyard and more substantial meals in the restaurant nearby. . . . **Swiss Building** (A): cheerful and restful, whether you look up from the garden or down from the terrace. . . . **Washington Hall** (K): the screened lakeside veranda is an oasis of tranquillity in the amusement area from teatime on.

The following are also recommended: British Buttery (A), Childs (F), Czecho-Slovakian Pavilion (B), Finnish Pavilion (A), Gay New Orleans (H), Schaefer Center (D), Turf-Trylon Restaurant (C), Winter Wonderland (J), and World of Fashion (D).

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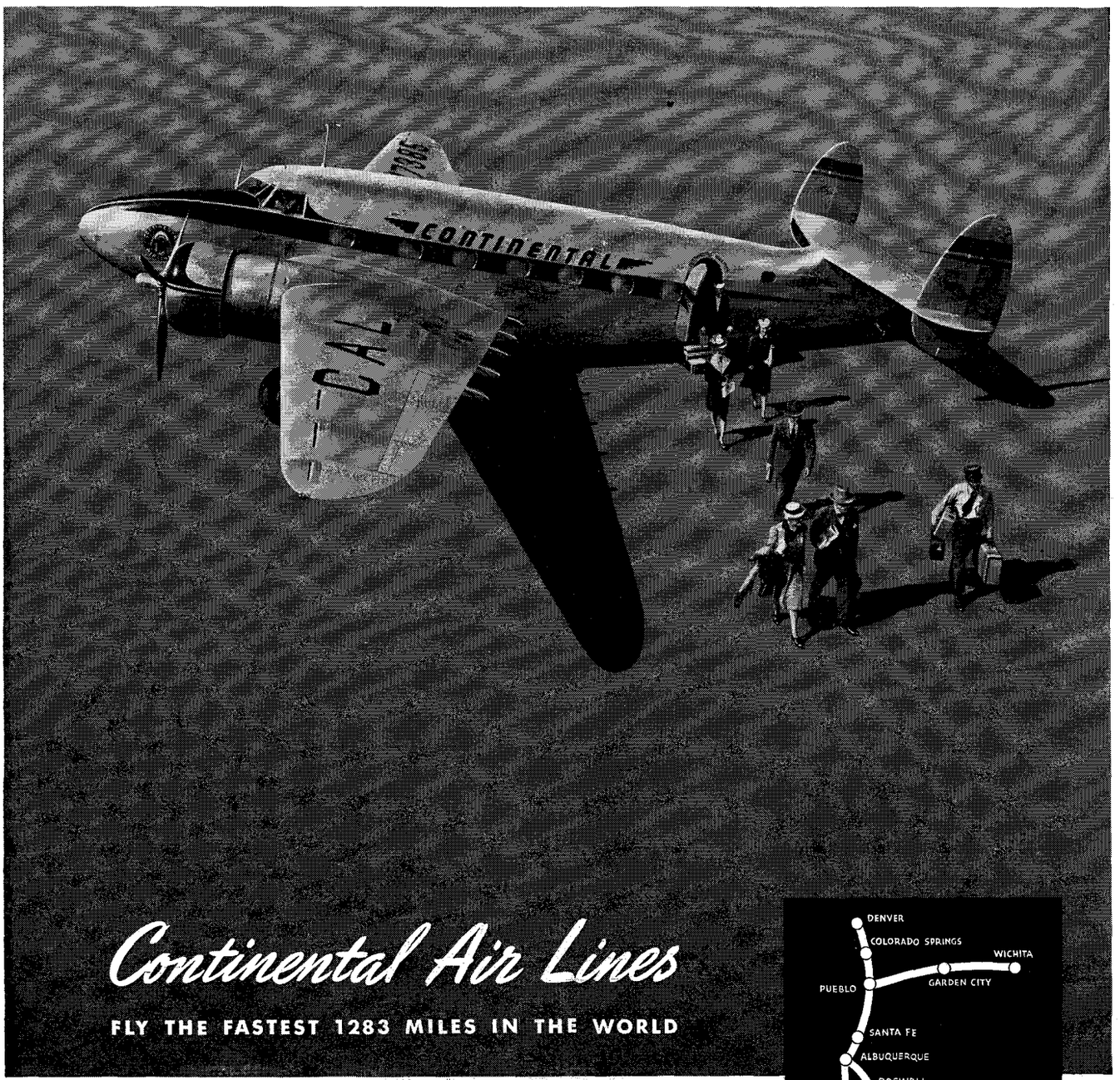

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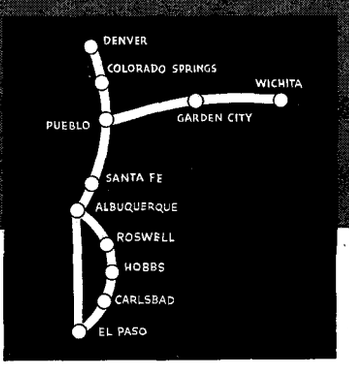

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Passengers like the new 14 passenger Lodestar because: **1.** There's "high hat" head room from pilot's compartment to stewardess' quarters. **2.** There's leg room for *every* passenger. **3.** *Every* seat has aisle space, shoulder room and arm room too. No need to share an arm rest with a passenger next to you. **4.** Every passenger has a window all to himself. **5.** Seats are deeply-cushioned, fully adjustable. **6.** "Minimum-decibel" sound-proofing assures ease of normal-voice conversation.

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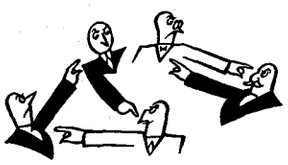
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE mantle of Zola (Mr. Paul Muni) fell rather loosely on the editor of *PM* one day last week. "I denounce Col. Charles A. Lindbergh as the spokesman of the Fascist Fifth Column in America," he wrote in a front-page editorial of bleak and classic design. The passage in Lindbergh's Chicago speech particularly responsible for this rebuke was apparently the one in which the Colonel said that "coöperation is never impossible when there is sufficient gain on both sides, and that treaties are seldom torn apart except when they cover weak nations." Beyond much question, this is a remark of appalling though childish cynicism, but we're not sure that *PM's* stern response



isn't almost as unfortunate in its own way. During the same week, either directly or by clear implication, we were told that practically everybody in public life important enough to be quoted on controversial matters was also at least an associate member of the Fifth Column. These included President Roosevelt, whose support of a wire-tapping bill was described by Congressman John C. Shafer of Wisconsin as a move to "Stalinize" America; Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson, Colonel Julius Ochs Adler, general manager of the *Times*, and Mr. Elihu Root, Jr., all charged by Senator Rush Holt with conspiring at the Harvard Club to regiment America; Secretary of State Cordell Hull, who was said to be advocating a selective draft for various sinister and totalitarian reasons of his own; Senator Burton K. Wheeler, said to be opposing it for equally discreditable reasons; and even Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, whom Westbrook Pegler accused of lending moral support to Communism via the Newspaper Guild. The beautiful (and dangerous) thing about the phrase "Fifth Column" is that it covers so much ground, including, magically, both people who are actively trying to overthrow democratic government and people who sincerely wish to preserve it and differ with their hecklers only as to the means that should be employed. When a writer or a speaker calls a man a traitor, he means specifically that he is guilty of political conduct for which he can reasonably be shot; when he calls him a Fifth Columnist, he merely means in a vague and general way that he supports policies which the speaker or writer personally considers detrimental to the public interest. The effect on the public, never much concerned with fine distinctions, is unfortunately just about the same; a Fifth Columnist is a traitor and probably ought to be shot. Before the average American gets the impression that *all* his leaders are spies, saboteurs, and men of general dirty work, we would like to suggest that "the Fifth Column" has now outlived its literary usefulness and should be permitted to join "liberal" in the dictionary of words and phrases that have stopped meaning anything in particular but can still cause a hell of a lot of trouble.

NOW that the laboratory psychologists have finally managed to exasperate a guinea pig into becoming a complete neurotic, we wish they'd go off for a rest so that they could come back to their work with a fresh approach. For a long time we've felt that they've been attacking the problem the wrong way —felt it ever since they gave a rat that famous nervous breakdown a few years ago. The point of it all, as we understand it, has been to find out which animals can be made to behave like human beings, so that the human beings' problems can be dealt with through the proper proxies. It strikes us that a much more sensible procedure would be to find out which animals couldn't possibly be made to behave like human beings

and then, after learning *their* secret, pursue a course which would make us all like them. Every man as placid and imperturbable as his own cow—there's a crusade for you, and, in times like these, a lovely dream.

WE wish somebody would tell us what July 31st meant. From London came the Chancellor of the Exchequer's disclosure that the Bible would be taxed to help wage the war. General Hugh S. Johnson disclosed that God and Moses had repeatedly urged the passage of the Burke-Wadsworth bill. The Brooklyn Public Library disclosed that parents weren't giving their children Biblical names any more. The War Department disclosed that manufacturers of church organs were all set to turn out saddle frames for the cavalry. A cop told a junkman to retrieve a sec-

tion of bedstead from the river, and the junkman, who couldn't swim a stroke, gave an unprecedented demonstration of faith in, and obedience to, a higher law by throwing himself right in. A California court dramatically affirmed the mysticism of modern jurisprudence by sentencing one man to five life terms plus twenty years, all these terms to be served consecutively. This was the day

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a shoe salesman woke in a New York hospital after kismet, in the shape of a runaway taxicab wheel, had followed him into a subway to strike him down. We want to know why.

Gone

THE National Defence Advisory Commission has been given the Federal Reserve Building, which used to be one of Washington's quietest retreats, to work in. The big shots confer in the board room, a magnificent chamber with a mahogany table as long as a bowling alley, armchairs upholstered in leather, solid-marble ashtrays, and memorandum pads covered with hand-tooled leather. The hand-tooled memorandum pads are kept locked up these days, though. Two of them were missing after the first defence conference.

Trojan Horsing Around

TWO people in whom *The New Yorker* has from time to time taken an interest recently converged, at the corner of Broadway and Forty-third Street. They are Dario Louis Toffenetti, a Chicago restaurateur who has just opened a big place on the corner in question, and Hugh Troy, who was engaged by Mr. Toffenetti to do a mural on one of the walls. Mr. Troy, besides being an artist of, as they say, some note, is almost officially the most notorious practical joker in New York, and has been mentioned in these columns. Mr. Toffenetti has occasionally contributed inadvertently to *The New Yorker*; he composes his own menu notes, in prose so exuberant that we haven't always been able to resist reprinting it—as, for example, his description of his spaghetti as "one hundred yards of happiness."

When Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, the architects, told Mr. Toffenetti (who says that "only a poet laureate" can describe the taste of his food) that he had a blank wall, fifteen by sixty feet, at one end of his new restaurant, he said, "I want you to put there the most unusual mural ever painted." So the architects thought right away of Mr. Troy, because they happened to know that Troy had for years been yearning to experiment with a combination of oil-on-canvas and blown-up photographs. Troy (who once released a cloud of moths in the Sheridan Square Theatre) promised Toffenetti that he would get a mural such as had never before been done on this earth. With the help of Barrett Gallagher, a photographer, Troy (who once leaned in through the window of a Madison Avenue bus and kissed a perfectly strange girl) turned out a job that would set Salvador Dali back on his heels. The painted parts are done in pale greens and yellows, the photographs in sepia, and the subject is Madness, according to Troy (who was the first man on this continent to buy a park bench and confuse the police by carrying it about in a park).

The technique of the mural is, we were told by Troy, "masses molding into each other." Thus lambs turn eerily into peas, a bass viol into crockery, musical notation into baked potatoes, a parasol into the Winged Victory, melons into a talking machine, a cow into a fish, and a tree into fireworks. In his preliminary sketches, Troy had girls on a beach turning into baked potatoes, but Mr. Toffenetti said no sex, so Troy changed the girls into musical notes. Troy and Gallagher installed the mural shortly before the restaurant opened, striking astonishment into the union painters. One of them, after a sullen two-day silence, finally said, "If he can sell that kind of stuff, more power to him." Mr. Troy's composition is captioned by a line of Mr. Toffenetti's prose which, to our way of thinking, carries out the theme very nicely: "A new melody comes to Broadway—Ham and Sweets, Idaho potatoes, and strawberry shortcake." Well, everything's confused during a Presidential year.

"But how can you be sure it's real love and not the draft?"

The Verdict

IN these hot, dreamy days, we should all give a thought to the new crop of college graduates, many of whom are roaming this town in search of a job. Give a thought, for example, to the lad who got in line at the personnel department of one of the big corporations and finally won through to a preliminary interview with a nice young lady, hardly older than he was. She asked him many questions, about himself and his background, and made notes as he talked. The interview was interrupted by the appearance of another personnel executive at the office door, and the young lady excused herself for a moment. In her absence, the fellow peeked, we think excusably, and saw that under "Remarks" on the application blank, she had written, "Neat dresser, precise speech, not too virile."

Cash Is a Commodity

READERS who are bankers or are otherwise occupied in the financial district might as well skip this story; we're just

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watching the races and sending back reports and predictions to two New York newspapers. The ladies are Miss Hambla Bauer of the *World-Telegram* and Mrs. June Warnke of the *Post*. We have the *World-Telegram's* word for it that Miss Bauer is the only one of seventy-two local handicappers who can show a plus amount for flat play. Decoded, this boast signifies that if you had bet an equal amount to win on every horse recommended by Miss Bauer, you would still have some money. This is good, very good. As for Mrs. Warnke, the *Post* says she topped all the handicappers at Empire this season, and had the further distinction of being the only handicapper to have a baby.

It's easy enough to understand Mrs. Warnke's being a handicapper—she comes of a horsy family, and her husband is a clocker, a man who is expert at timing a horse's exercise runs—but Miss Bauer has to be explained. She is a renegade Radcliffe girl, a tall and faintly melancholy young lady who was evidently destined to get together with horses in spite of all obstacles. She was born twenty-eight years ago, in San Francisco, and never gave a thought to horses until she went to Radcliffe, where she enrolled for the pre-medical course. At Radcliffe, Miss Bauer fell in with a kindly saddle horse, and first thing she knew she was spending most of her time at The Country Club, in Brookline, where she rode, watched the steeplechasing, and began laying bets with a lawless bookie she met standing under a Brookline tree. Her first afternoon of betting netted her $35, and after that she was a gone goose. Gradually her pre-medical studies lapsed, she gave up college, and, eight years ago, when she came into a small inheritance, bought a reasonably priced filly and started racing her.

In her seven years of racing, Miss Bauer has owned fourteen horses, the best-known of which was Basque, who lost by a length and a half to Stagehand at Santa Anita in 1938. In 1933, a horse named Platinum Blonde brought her $5,100 in prize money. Her best year, financially, was 1938, when her stable (two horses) brought in $6,800. She was the second woman in the country to be granted a trainer's licence. The famous Mary Hirsch was the first. Miss Bauer's journalistic career started last fall, when she entered the Columbia School of Journalism. She felt she was getting into a rut with horses. At the same time, pari-mutuel betting was established in this state. Formerly barred, by custom, from the betting ring, women are now welcomed at the pari-mutuel wickets, and the newspapers decided that they wanted to play up the feminine side of racing. Miss Bauer found a job waiting for her on the *Telegram*. She never used to bet much when she was an owner, and she doesn't bet at all now. "Too risky," she says.

Cure

A FELLOW who owns a popular-priced car, '37, began to have trouble with it this year. It took to stopping dead right in the midst of traffic, without apparent cause. He sent the car to a garage for an overhauling, but it continued to lie down about once a day. On one such occasion, after lifting the hood and futilely tinkering, the owner was seized with a blind, unreasoning rage. He struck the engine block a blow with a monkey wrench he was holding. The engine immediately started to putter smoothly. After that, he simply struck the engine whenever it died, and it always revived. Finally, he took to beating it every morning, before warming up the motor. He had no more engine trouble, but he began to worry about the situation. Sometimes it seemed to him that the engine had a malevolent personality of its own. It was quite a relief when he learned that cars of that particular model are notorious among service-station men for a faulty needle valve in the carburetor, and that the best cure is to hit the engine block with a stick.

Whiting for Willkie

LAST week we looked in at the home offices of Commonwealth & Southern, down at 20 Pine Street, to see what effect, if any, Wendell Willkie's resignation had had on the corporation. Business as usual is the word, and bad cess to that fellow in the White House. Willkie's resignation took effect on July 10th. After a decent interval of seven days, the directors met in Wilmington and elected Mr. Justin R. Whiting president of Commonwealth & Southern of Delaware. Then they hurried back to New York and elected him president of Commonwealth & Southern of New York. Then they gave him a smack to grow on—no, sorry, they elected him chairman of the board of the subsidiary Consumers Power and made him a director of all three aforementioned corporations. Mr. Willkie telegraphed his congratulations, and that was all there was to it. Of course, a few little changes were necessary around the office. It cost $1.80 to take "Mr. Willkie" off the door of the president's office and substitute "Mr. Whiting." A further loss of $2 will be written off for a batch of letterheads bearing Willkie's name; $1.15 went for new rubber stamps.

There are quite a few mementoes of Willkie left in his old office—four statuettes of elephants, a biggish plaster bust of Benjamin Franklin, several issues of the *Congressional Record*, stacks of books, and assorted small presents that arrived in recent weeks from well-wishers. These include such things as a blue necktie with an elephant print, a pair of gray suspenders bearing a twenty-five-cent price tag, and a copy of Mary Baker Eddy's "Science and Health." Mr. Whiting has added to the décor of the office a picture of Willkie etched on stainless steel, a silk banner reading "From the Cross Roads of America to the White House," and a red, white, and blue ashtray bearing the slogan "Willkie—Preparedness, Peace, and Prosperity." For some reason, Mr. Whiting does not wear a Willkie button.

Incidentally, the careers of Whiting and Willkie are full of staggering parallels. The fathers of both were Midwesterners and Democrats. Both boys grew up in small towns, and both got law degrees from a Midwestern university. In 1933, when Willkie became president of Commonwealth & Southern, Whiting stepped into Willkie's old job in the law firm of Weadock & Willkie, general counsel to the corporation. "I sat in Mr. Willkie's chair in the law office for seven years," Mr. Whiting told us. "Now I'm sitting in it here, and that's about all there is to it." Mr. Whiting is forty-four, a full Presidential term younger than Willkie, with a tractable head of gray hair, a dimple in his right cheek, and an engaging though some-

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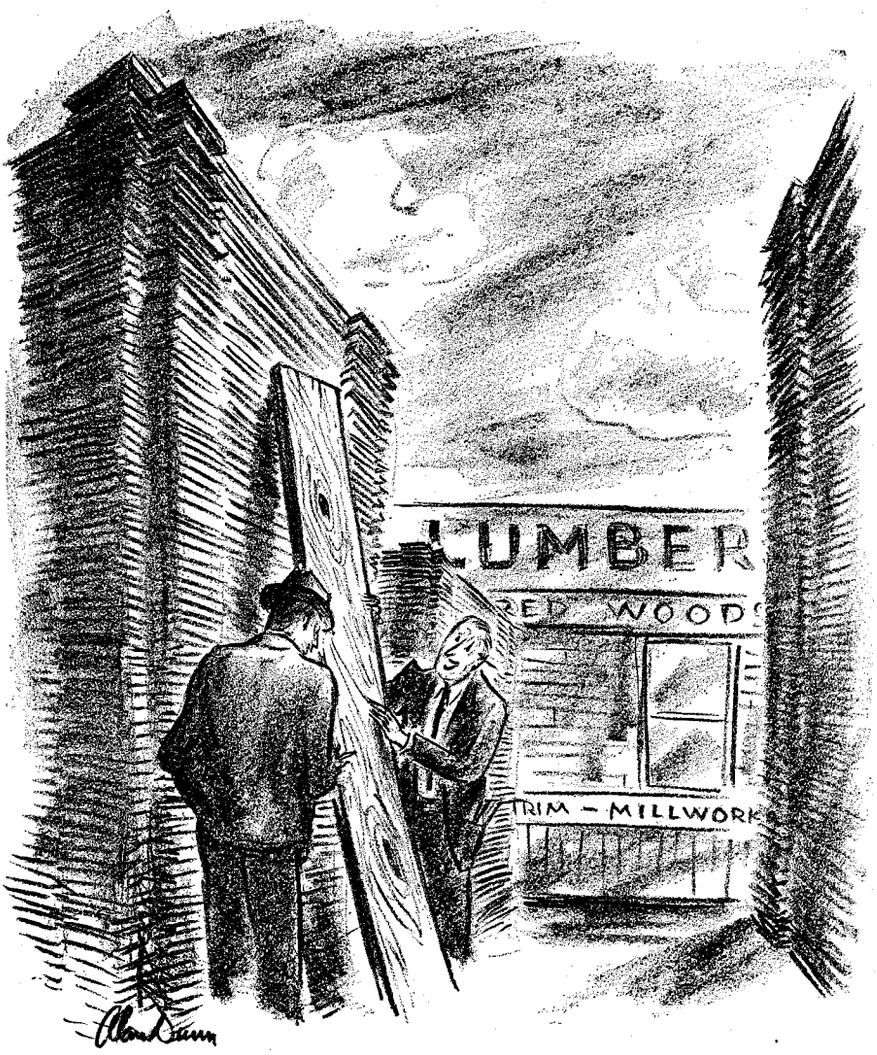
going to pass along, for the benefit of the financially naïve, some dope about the behavior of foreign currency in the local market. This subject came to our attention when one of our friends told us about trying to get fifty British pounds to give to his wife, who was going to Bermuda. When he applied to his bank, which he did as a matter of course, they seemed a bit reluctant; said it would take at least three days, and that he could get the pounds right away from one William Holzman, at 120 Cedar Street. The odd thing was that Holzman charged only $150 for the fifty pounds, although the quotation listed in that day's newspapers was $3.74. We sensed that this involved some banking esoterica, and went down to Holzman's to investigate.

A Mr. Strassburger, Holzman's manager, explained the situation in a trice. Cash is a commodity, he told us, and subject to the usual economic laws. One important consideration, naturally, is shipping costs. While the foreign-exchange rate for the pound is fairly stable at around $3.80, it is worth $4, more or less, in England. However, to take advantage of this, you would have to get the currency over to England, and this involves insurance premiums, which amount to about forty-eight cents a pound. Sailings are irregular, too, so, what with one thing and another, why bother? Money brokers like Holzman are content to take about a ten-cent profit on the pound. Their sources of supply are refugees and homecoming Americans, who are usually referred to them by banks. People leaving England are officially forbidden to take out more than ten pounds, but the importation mounts up when you get a whole boatload of people cashing in over here, and likely as not there's some smuggling of larger sums. Purchasers are either small-scale speculators or people planning to visit one of the British possessions. Holzman's would like you to know that if you buy your pounds here, instead of waiting until you get to Bermuda, you can, on a purchase of £100 at present prices, turn a profit of ninety-odd dollars—more than the cost of passage.

The franc is wholly speculative now, of course. Holzman's bought some, just after the surrender, at half a cent each, and is now offering them, to occasional takers, at a little more than a cent. Trade is fairly brisk in German banknotes, which sell here for seventeen cents per mark and are worth forty in Germany, if they can be smuggled in.



"Furthermore, it can be nailed, bored, cut, or sawed—just like a plastic."

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Evidently a number of hardy souls are planning to do just that. The Japanese yen, officially as rigorously restricted as the German standard mark, leaks out in quantity through Shanghai, is sold by money brokers to Japanese living along the west coast of South America, and smuggled back into Japan, profits accruing to all hands concerned. "The old army game," Mr. Strassburger told us.

Etiquette

THERE was a pleasant little dinner party the other evening at a certain house in Westchester. Not until the next morning did the hostess discover that things had not been so pleasant behind the scenes, that dinner had, in fact, been served under considerable stress. Seems that the cook had got drunk on left-over cocktails and attacked the rest of the staff with a rolling pin. This lurid tale came out, indirectly, when the butler appeared in the morning room to offer his two weeks' notice, on the ground that his surroundings were no longer congenial. He told the story reluctantly, and only after being pressed for specific reasons. His mistress immediately assured him that the cook would be replaced, and got him to reconsider giving notice. "But why on earth didn't you tell us last night?" she asked. The butler looked shocked. "Because you had guests, Madam," he said.

June and Hambla

IT'S of a certain mild interest that this year there are two lady horse-racing experts—handicappers, as they are known to the fancy—who are now sitting in the press box at Saratoga,

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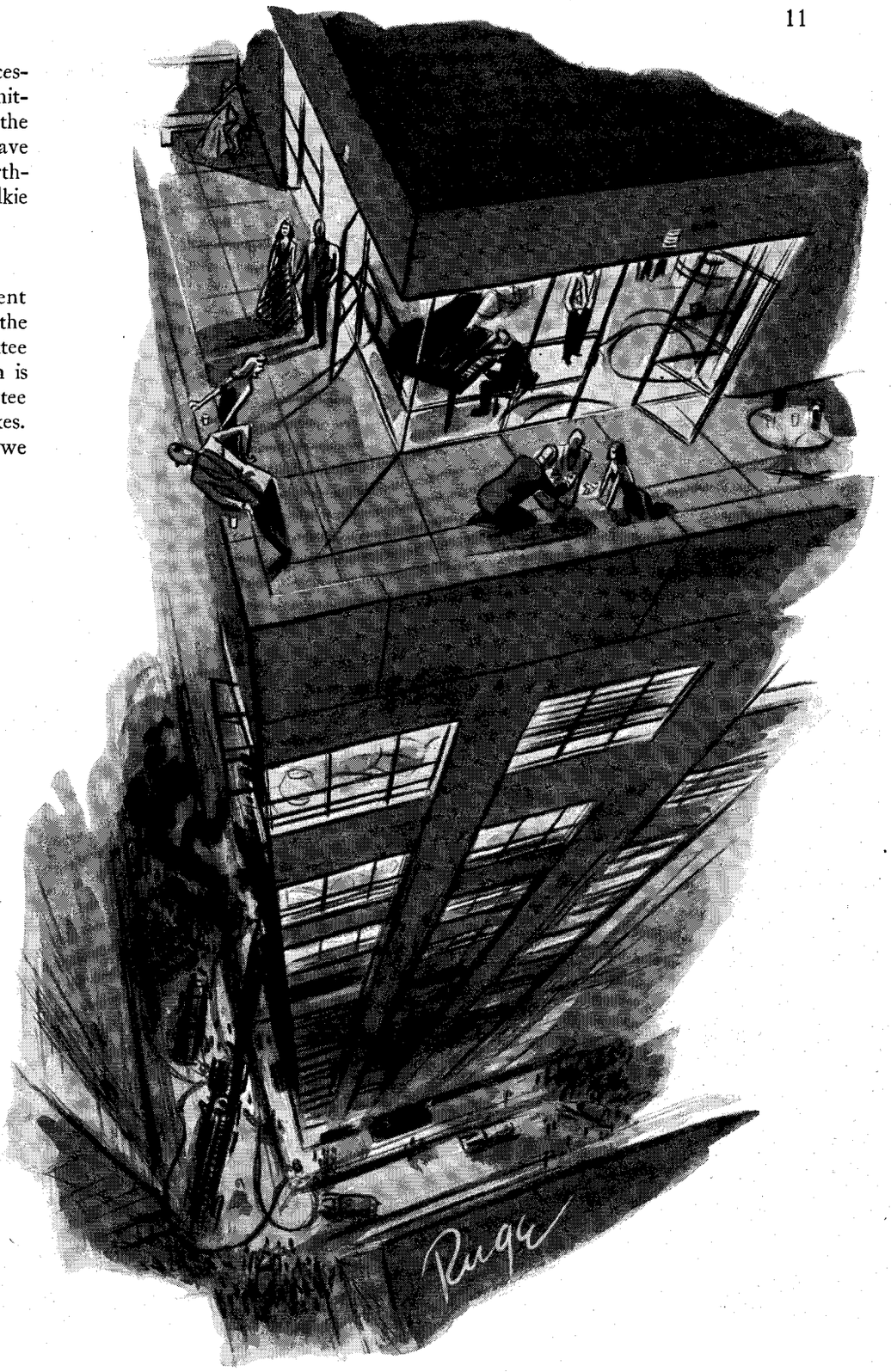
what statelier manner than his predecessor. Something impelled us to ask Whiting how he felt about running for the Presidency of the United States. "I have no political aspirations," he said forthrightly. "If I fill the job that Willkie did, I'll figure I'm doing all right."

•

OUR mind still on Willkie, we went over to the headquarters of the United Republican Finance Committee for Metropolitan New York, which is at the Roosevelt—and the Committee will thank you not to make any jokes. As of the moment of our visit, we learned, twenty thousand-odd individual contributions had been received, averaging a quarter. Mr. Willkie, in his proposal for a wee Willkie war chest, had suggested that people send in a dollar each. He definitely said nothing about a quarter, but quarters are what he's getting. Each contributor receives a receipt, a Willkie button, and a certificate bearing a quotation from Abraham Lincoln and the signature of F. Trubee Davison. It requires a staff of sixty clerks and three machines to keep track of the contributions. All we got out of our visit was an idea that might serve the Democrats for a campaign slogan: "No Quarter for Willkie!"

Surprise!

PROBABLY the most lighthearted story to come out of the war to date is one about an American newspaper correspondent and a free-lance American flier who met in a bar in Bucharest a couple of months back, and spent quite a gay evening on the strength of their being compatriots. (Dispatch delayed in transit; names censored.) Well, the correspondent finally went back to his hotel, leaving the aviator to have a nightcap. Some time later, when the aviator was about to go, he noticed that the correspondent had forgotten his cane, and decided to return it to him. He got as far as the corridor outside the correspondent's room before being overcome by a compulsion common to all non-cane-carrying men; i.e., a compulsion to hold the cane reversed, as if it were a golf club, and take a couple of swings. However, halfway through the aviator's first swing, the cane revealed itself, in rather a distressing way, as no ordinary cane. The handle flew off and a sharp little sword flashed the length of the corridor, coming to a quivering rest in a wooden door frame, only a foot or so from the head of a lady who was just checking into her room. The lady gave him a piercing look, directed the bellboy to gather up her luggage, and went downstairs. Probably a foreign agent who was already prepared for the worst, the aviator has since concluded. That's all there is to the story. The aviator put the cane together again and gave it back to the correspondent, and the correspondent said thanks.



"There's some kind of a fire on the twelfth floor. Anybody want to go down?"

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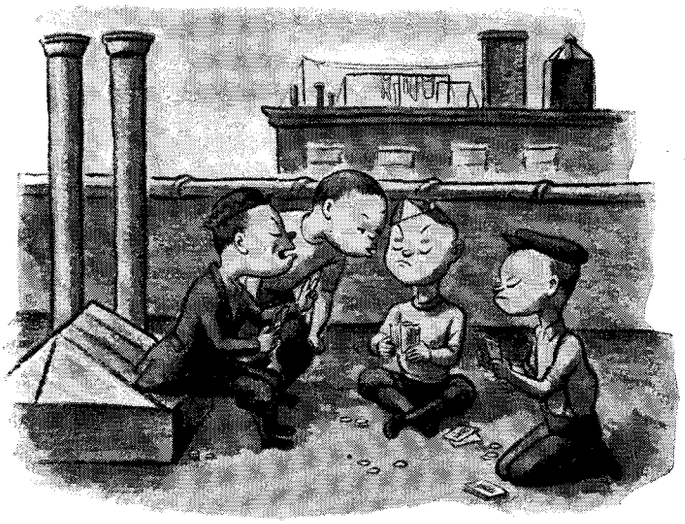
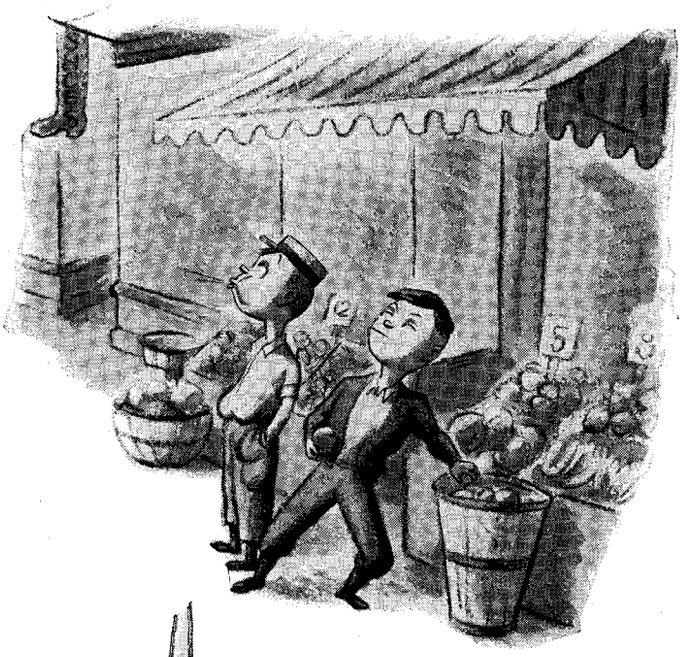
SMALL FRY

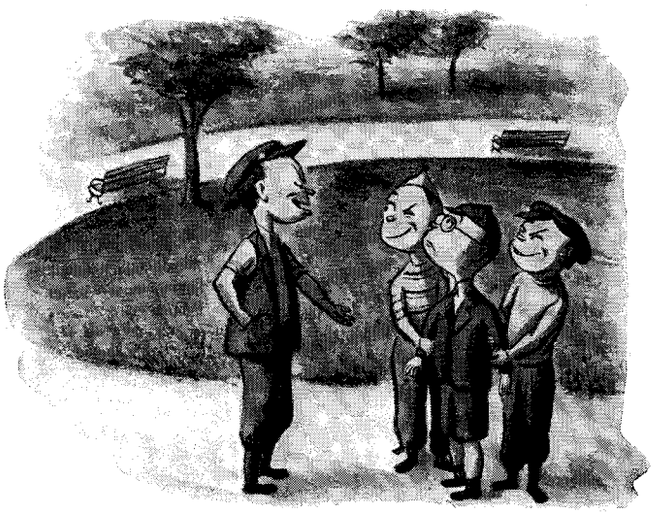
THE LOWER DEPTHS



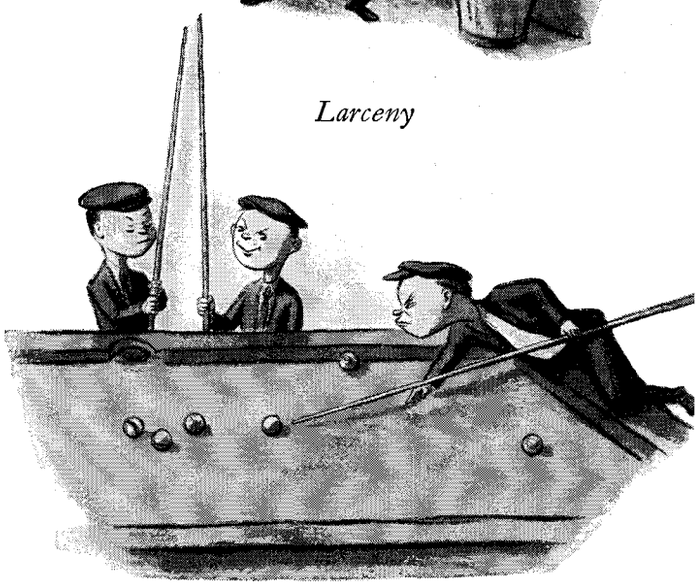
Penny Ante



Larceny



Shakedown



Pool Sharks

Depravity

Wolves

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SELECT CLIENTELE

"'FIGARO, Figaro, Figaro!'" they sang as their bicycles rolled downhill through the shaking shadow and sunlight between the close rows of trees. "'*Fig*aro!'"

"My native wood notes wild," Sam said. "The red-necked Mirapole, native to the Bronx, but found frequently in more northern latitudes. His song is distinguished by a long wail, followed by a short wail, and the influence of Debussy is marked in this species."

"'Figaro!'" Max sang, leaning far over on a curve. "'My bonnie lies over the ocean, My bonnie lies over the sea . . .'"

"Max, the bald Austrian lark," Esther said, leaning over for the curve, following Max. "Plumage of the male, yellow, with green pants. None genuine unless wearing one-quarter-inch gold-rimmed spectacles."

"If I were going to have a baby," Max said, slowing down, "I wouldn't go bicycle-riding all over the mountains of New York State, like you. It wouldn't be the best thing for the baby."

"It'll be wonderful for the baby," Esther said. "He'll be athletic and skinny. I don't want a fat baby. I want a baby who looks lean and sad and soulful, like his father." She looked at Sam and they laughed at each other.

"That'll be some beautiful baby," said Sam.

There were four men down at the bottom of the hill, and as the bicycles drew nearer they spread across the road with an appearance of casualness, but with something under the appearance that was purposeful and not casual. As the bicycles approached, the four men stood, moving a little, raising the dust of the road nervously. Two of the men had heavy, trimmed branches that they tapped against the road gently again and again. They looked like men who had been loafing aimlessly and unhappily in small towns for a long time. One of them snapped open a long jackknife.

"Some of the boys out to make a couple of bucks for Saturday night," Sam whispered, going as slowly as he could on his bicycle. "You got anything on you?"

"Fifteen cents," said Max. "I'll donate it."

"I got three bobbie pins," Esther said.

"I have a quarter," Sam said. "Let's go through."

But they had to stop at the bottom of the hill because the four men had spread out across the road, without words, examining Sam, Max, and Esther with businessmen's eyes. The men didn't move. One of them wore an old maroon football jersey spotted with moth holes, and with the number "38" in black on it.

"What's the matter?" Sam asked. The men didn't say anything.

"Nice boys," Esther said softly. "Very nice boys. Did you ever go to Princeton, boys?" she asked loudly.

The men didn't say anything.

Max whistled between his teeth a theme from one of his own piano sonatas. He moved his bicycle around in front of him, between himself and the men.

The men took in Sam's and Max's old clothes, and the old slacks, stained with cooking and bicycle grease, that Esther was wearing, and her frayed cotton shirt.

"Nothing there," said the man in the maroon jersey. "I bet there isn't a buck between them."

"Intelligent," Max said, smiling behind his glasses, rubbing his bald head slowly. "A real intelligent character."

"Don't be smart," the man in the football jersey said.

"Jews," the man with the jackknife said. "A coupla Jews from old lady Spear's free-love colony."

"Get out of here." The man in the football jersey moved back to the side of the road, leaving room for the bicycles to pass. "Get the hell out of here."

With Esther between them, Sam and Max pedalled slowly between the men.

"Jew bastards," said the man with the knife. "Lousy Jew bastards."

He waited until the bicycles were fifteen yards down the road and threw a stone. Then all the men bent and picked up stones and threw them. Sam dropped behind Esther and covered her as they pedalled swiftly but stiff-backed, upright in their saddles, without looking behind them. A stone hit Max high up on the shoulder; his face turned very white and his hands shook on the handlebars, but he didn't lean forward and he didn't look back.

They turned a bend in the road and slowed down.

"Poor Max," Esther said. "Not even a Jew. You hang around with the wrong people."

"Thomas's barn is right up the road," Max said, keeping his eyes straight ahead. "We can pick up a couple of pitchforks and maybe Thomas and come back to those four gentlemen."

"Sure," Sam said. "You can do a lot of damage with a pitchfork."

"Now, Sam," Esther began, "stay out of trouble," then stopped when she saw the set expression on Sam's face.

"I left Berlin, I left Vienna," said Max. "I thought I wouldn't see any more things like that. It must be a terrible thing"—Max, watching the road for ruts, was still pale—"to be a Jew."

"You manage," Sam said. "One way or another."

"Old lady Spear," Max said, "invites fifteen artists without money to her place every summer because she believes in art and because she's lonely. How many Jews are there up here now?"

"Four," Sam said.

"Artists," Max said, "so the people in the town hate them, so they call them Jews. Fifteen artists in one place, painting and composing and writing poetry and playing string quartets, so they hate them, call it old lady Spear's free-love colony. What have artists done to Americans, they should dislike them so much? What have the Jews done?"

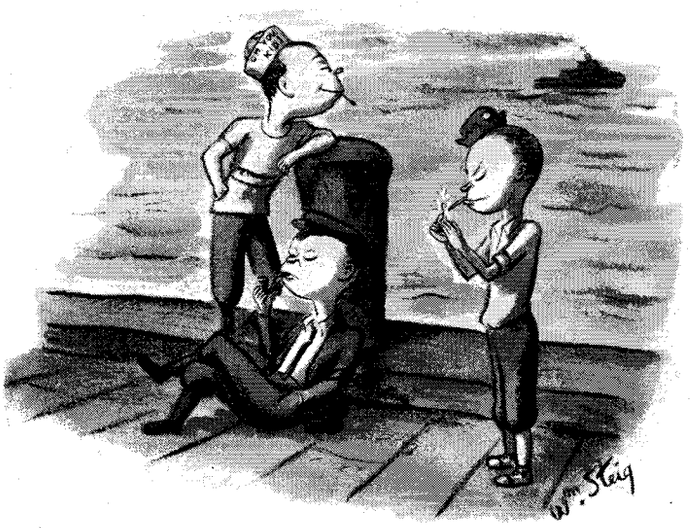
They came to a fork in the road and stopped.

"Go home," Sam said to Esther. "Take it easy and go home."

Esther looked hard at Sam and Max. "What the hell do you think you're going to accomplish?"

"Go home," Sam said.

"O.K." Esther shrugged. "I'm hun-



Nicotine

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gry anyway. I eat like a horse these days." She got on her bicycle and pedalled away. Sam watched her as she went down the road between the trees with his child within her. You had to be real selfish to have a baby these days. It used to be the other way around, he thought, but we're turning everything cockeyed these days.

Sam and Max mounted their bicycles and rode toward Thomas's house.

THOSE four bastards with the rocks, Sam thought, riding. Pogroms are being planned in odd corners of the United States for my kid who still has five months to go before he comes out of his mother. There're people who hate my son while he still has gills in his mother's womb. Sam laughed a little.

"What's so funny?" Max asked.

"Nothing," Sam said. "I just thought of something silly."

Four hoodlums, Sam thought; don't take them too seriously. But day by day the American people were becoming like them. Men and boys selling Father Coughlin on the street corners and the mean little middle-aged ladies buying him. The undernourished, baleful faces on those newsboys and their customers. The disease was growing stronger in the veins and organs of America. All the time there were more hotels you couldn't go to, apartment houses right in New York City you couldn't live in. Sam sold stories to magazines that published advertisements for vacation places that said "Distinguished clientele" or "Exclusive clientele" or "Select clientele." A hotel advertises that its clientele is exclusive, Sam thought, if it allows in everybody but six million Jews and fifteen million Negroes. It's exclusive for a hundred and ten million people. All right, Sam thought, you had been able to overlook it, it was static, a condition of existence, there was still room to breathe. It wasn't static any more.

"Say," said Sam, "maybe there's something in what they say. Where there's so much smoke . . . Maybe I'm in on the Protocols of Zion, maybe I'm plotting world dominion and I don't know it. Maybe I'm an international Jew. I've voted Democrat for eight years. I voted for LaGuardia, maybe I'm a Communist. I got eight hundred dollars in the bank, I'm a plutocratic banker. I can't bear to watch prizefights, maybe I'm thirsting for Christian blood. What're you supposed to do?"

"Work," Max said, keeping his eyes on the road ahead of him.

"Work. What can you say today? Stop this! Please stop shooting each other. Please stop shooting my brother, my wife, my child. Please become reasonable human beings. I'm a fiction-writer. I write, 'The moon shone down brilliantly. She looked into his eyes with mixed emotions.' "

Max smiled. "That's not exactly the way you write, Sam," he said.

"The world's burning up," said Sam, "and I write, 'She looked into his eyes with mixed emotions.' "

"You could write what you want to say, the truth as you see it."

"The truth as I see it." Sam laughed. "The world stinks. People are terrible and there is only despair. Should I write that? Who gets any good out of that? Why should I be the one to tell it?"

They saw Thomas's house at the crossroads and moved faster.

THOMAS came out of the barn when he saw them. He was a tall, stringy man who did odd jobs around Mrs. Spear's place and listened patiently to the string quartets. He played an accordion and sang in a trio with Sam and Max on afternoons when they were too lazy to work. They sang "Casey Jones" and "Night and Day" and "Do Ye Ken John Peel?"

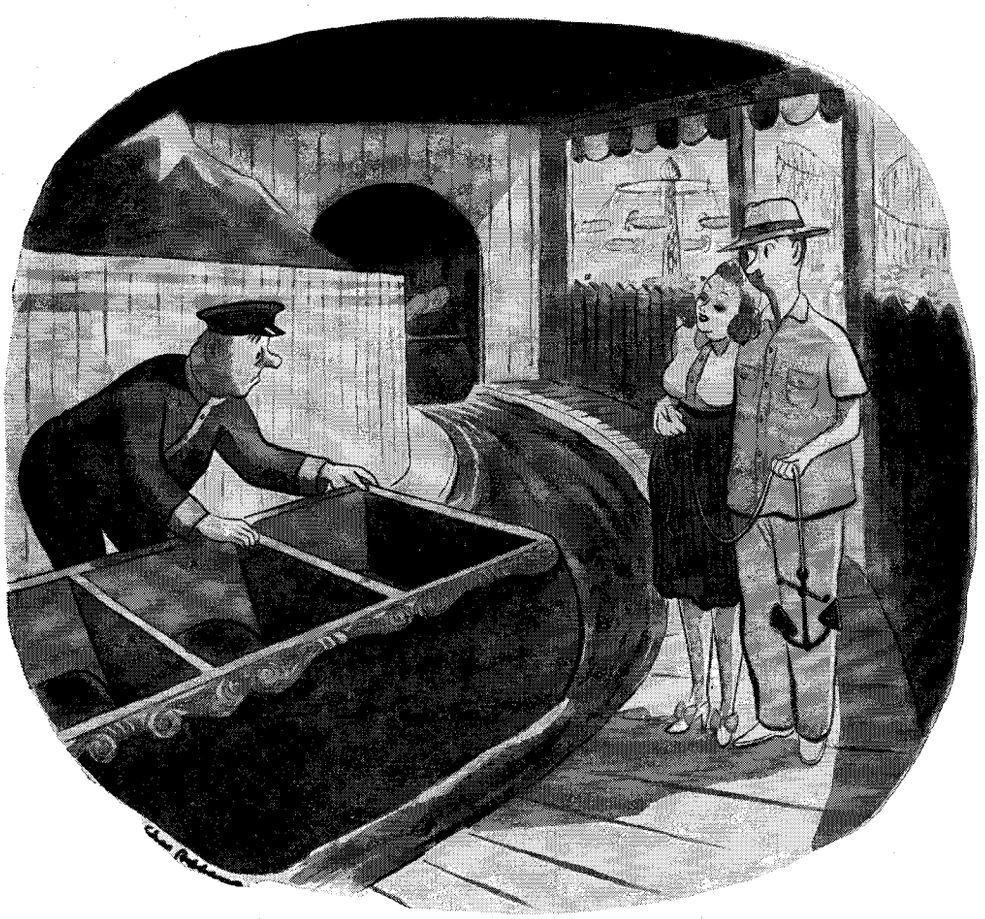
"There're four boys up the road, Thomas, who would've held us up," Sam said, "if they thought we had any money."

"They called us Jew bastards," Max said, "and threw rocks at us. We thought we'd get you and go back and—"

"There've been gangs around all summer," Thomas said, "bothering the summer people." He gave Max a pitchfork and took another himself. He had tough farmer's arms and a pitchfork suddenly looked like a deadly weapon in his hands. There was a battered baseball bat leaning against the barn wall, and Sam took that.

They started back on foot. Max was still pale and he looked queer, short and round and bald, with his indoor complexion and his soft pianist's hands tight and mean against the fork handle as he walked, rolling a little in the ruts, between Thomas and Sam. Sam carried the old baseball bat easily over his shoulder.

"Harry Heilmann," he said. "This bat is signed by Harry Heilmann. He played for Detroit. He led the league a



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"It's partly the captain of the Kungsholm and partly me."

• •

few years in batting. It's a nice, heavy bat." Sam swung it experimentally a few times. "I once made five hits in one game." He laughed, feeling better now that he was on his way to some concrete and violent action. "I hope I haven't lost my eye."

Max didn't laugh. He walked eagerly, his face tight and angry.

"This remind you of your duelling days in old Heidelberg?" Sam asked, trying to take the desperation out of Max's face. "Honor at the point of a pitchfork? This remind you? Hey, Max?"

"No," said Max.

They were getting near the bend in the road.

"They'll probably run as soon as they see us," Thomas said. "We can chase 'em a little and give 'em a poke or two. Be careful. You can kill a man without much trouble with a fork."

"Say, Max," Sam said, "you hear that?"

"Yes," said Max. He was walking faster now, two or three yards ahead of the two taller men, the dust flying around his feet.

THE four men were still down at the bottom of the hill. They were sitting on the grass alongside the road, but they stood up when Max appeared around the bend of the road with Sam and Thomas right behind him. Max walked swiftly toward them, the pitchfork steady in front of him, color coming back into his face finally, a childish smile on his lips. He didn't look like a little, bald, fat, forty-four-year-old musician any more. "Hello," he was saying, even when he was a long distance from the men, with Sam and Thomas rushing to keep up with him. "Hello, boys. Here we are again, boys."

The men retreated a little, unconsciously casting about for shelter as Max bore down on them.

Suddenly the man with the jackknife smiled. "Hello," he said. "Hi, Tom."

Thomas stopped. He lowered his pitchfork. "Hello, Alec," he said, his voice low, uneasy.

Max stopped. He threw back his head and squinted through his glasses at a bird on a high branch. Sam held onto the baseball bat with one hand.

"There seems to've been a little trouble with my friends here, Alec," Thomas said.

"Misunderstanding," Alec mumbled. "Great misunderstanding. A coupla drinks too much, Thomas. You know how it is." He attempted to make believe he was drunk, bobbing his head from side to side and thickening his speech heavily. The other men took the cue and hung their heads and rocked on their feet and one of them inspiredly hiccoughed.

"Playful," the man in the football jersey said. "No harm meant. Apologize. We apologize if there's any hard feelings. Don't we, boys?"

The boys nodded.

"You see," Thomas said to Sam, embarrassed because he had to make believe that he thought the men were drunk, "they didn't mean anything by it. They apologize. They didn't mean no harm."

"That's right, Thomas, old boy," Alec said. "We didn't mean no harm."

"Go away," Max said. "Go away fast."

The four men turned. "So long, Thomas," Alec called back.

"So long," said Thomas.

Sam and Max and Thomas watched the four men, no longer pretending to be drunk, walk swiftly up the road.

"They're a little foolish," Thomas said, troubled. "They can't get no jobs and they just sit around all day in town, drinkin' when they can manage it, and they get foolish notions. Don't pay any attention to 'em. They're really pretty good fellers."

"I'm sorry," Max said. "I'm really sorry you knew them, Thomas, really sorry."

"I play pool with 'em once in a while," Thomas said, fingering the pitchfork prongs, "an' go to dances and drink beer with 'em a coupla times a month. It'd been a little hard for me to go at 'em with the fork. You see how it is."

"Sure," said Sam.

They walked back to the barn in silence. Max looked straight ahead of him as he walked, his forehead creased, his

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SUMMER SEA

Serene,
responsive sea,
stroking the beach,
lighting
with eyes of blue and green
the cove,
softly you finger
the sliding sand
and reach
into the land
and linger
and mingle
with the rocks
and dunes,
and rove,
herding your flocks
of waves along the shingle
and writing
your interminable runes;

carving the blocks
of granite
with slow care,
lifting
the gull
or gannet
high or low,
tugging the grass
above the undertow,
cooling the air;
shifting
the hull
of the old ship
on the shore,
floating the sloop
hitched loosely to the mooring,
giving the docks
a flip,
stirring,
stirring the air.

You are like a fair,
alluring
girl,
changing
her gown
before
the looking glass,
combing her soft hair,
heaping it in a crown,
tucking
a curl
that spills,
plucking
at a loop,
deftly arranging
frills,
fooling
with the beads
about her throat,
dreaming
all afternoon
of days remote.

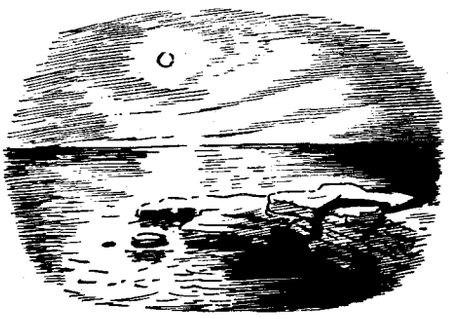
But when the sun dips
and the dark is coming
and reeking color,
like a parrot's wing,
has fluttered from the dusk,
in the duller
gloom,
soon,
more and more
you are seeming
like an old,
sullen crone,
a shadowy husk,
slowly stirring
a pot of simmering
soup,
moving about a vast
room,
dim and cold,
humming
an old song, mooning
all alone.

Your hues
have sunk
to indigo and black
of night and doom,
old sea,
old woman sea.
Your breakers hammer
argosies to junk,
confuse
the weedy caverns with their din.
Look back
and look within.

Women were bitter
at the spell you cast,
you had your fill,
you hailed
their men away
and left at last
the litter
of their ships
and bones for dower,
sorrow none may say.

Sing, sing
the glimmering
legends of your past,
old sorceress, the glamour
and the sin,
when your uncanny power
stole men's will
and the Phoenicians sailed
for the Isles of Tin.

—Peggy Bacon



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eyes squinting thoughtfully far down the road.

"I think he batted over four hundred one year," Sam said, as they neared the barn, trying to pull Max out of his anger. "Harry Heilmann. A right-handed batter."

But Max didn't turn his eyes. He and Sam got on their bicycles at the barn and Sam said "Thanks" to Thomas, and Thomas picked gently at his ear with his big hand and looked to one side of Sam and said, "Don't mention it." Sam had to pedal fast to catch up with Max.

On the way back they didn't talk and Max turned off to his cottage with a wave of his hand.

Sam rode on to his cottage, put his bicycle against the wall, and went inside. Esther was eating grapes in the living room, and she smiled when she saw he was unhurt. "Everything all right?" she asked.

"Everything's fine." Sam lay down on the couch and stared at the ceiling. "I'm going to call my agent."

"Catch," Esther said, tossing a grape at him. He caught it and rolled it around in his hand.

"I'm going to tell him to get me a job in Hollywood." Sam put the grape into his mouth. "I want to write about things that never happened and people that never happened. I need a vacation."

Esther looked obliquely at him. She went over to the couch and lay beside him. She kissed him under the ear.

"Tastes better than grapes," she said.

"I want my child to be born under the Western stars." Sam put his arm loosely around her. "Under the stars that look down on Darryl Zanuck and Garbo."

Esther kissed him again.

—Irwin Shaw

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ELVIRE WAS PRACTICAL

TODAY I found a word for Elvire, and I feel better. It came to me while I was listening to Fanny Carpenter. (It was Fanny who once said, "Uncle Bertie used to go to bed and stay there for weeks on end with all his clothes on. He was awfully lazy.") She was talking about two friends of hers and she said, "I wish you had known them. They were married on horseback and afterward they went to live in a cave. They were very impractical."

Right then I thought of Elvire Thibault, and I felt a beautiful sense of relief. That's it, I thought. That's what was evading me all along. She's very practical.

I REMEMBER the morning Elvire, mop in hand, stamped into the living room of my house outside of Newport and announced without preamble, "When I get the elderly man, I shall purchase for our home the marble lamp. Then my Cousin Laure will be wild."

This being the first I had heard of the elderly man, the marble lamp, or Cousin Laure, even, I could only stare.

Elvire, large, blond, with a curious look of being built up of cubes rather than spheres, returned my gaze with austere serenity. "I have seen him for the first time last night. He was come to play checkers with the husband of Regina. He owns the general store to Nanaponset. Well, so here is the list of all what you should order from groceries today."

"What, from Nanaponset?"

"Why, no. The same as regular. Otherwise he would think, Aha, that one, she is bold! However, I thank you for your kind intention."

She laid the list on my desk and walked out of the room with dignity. It was some time before I could properly get back to work again.

About a week later, Elvire appeared one morning at my elbow and began, as she usually did, in a firm voice, "I interrupt you. Excuse it."

I shook my head to facilitate the necessary change from one intense concentration to another.

"I do not interrupt you? It is good. Just now, as I am looking in the icebox, I have thought that I made you no explanation of the lamp. You got nothing so rich in this house, I beg your pardon. A naked lady leans on the post and over her the marble shade is covered like lacework in gold."

"It must be very unusual," I said, clutching weakly about in my mind for what had gone before.

"You may well say that. I have seen it while shopping with my Cousin Laure. She is very big feeling, that one. Yes, but when the lamp is in my home to Nanaponset, she will sing herself another song." Feeling that she had made everything clear, she started to leave the room, but at the door she paused and remarked over her shoulder, "I don't go to Regina's no more since I have seen there the elderly man. This way, he don't think I chase after him."

In my simplicity I wondered how that would work. I might have had more faith. It was not a fortnight before Elvire stood beside me, her octagonal glasses flashing and a magnificence of achievement all over her, obvious even before she spoke.

"Order, please, the Dazzle polish," she said. "Down home they set great store by the shine of a stove."

"Down home?"

"The elderly man is coming here tonight. Naturally, he wishes to see the letter."

"The letter?"

"From my poor Cousin Rosalia. She didn't hear from us folks down here for a long time. My, she is glad to get a letter from me, you bet! So last night when I was to Regina's, I tell that elderly man I am sorry I don't think to see him there or I would have brought with me the letter from Rosalia. For it is his home town, where she lives, and she writes so much of the folks there he would have great interest to see it. So, if you please, order the Dazzle polish."

I went into the kitchen that evening, ostensibly for a glass of water but actually, of course, for a look at the elderly

"Wow!"

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man. The stove was startling in almost supernal brightness; Elvire was purple in the face and more nearly cubical than ever, so I knew she wore her new corset. She rose as I entered, and said, "Excuse it. I make your acquaintance with Mr. La Sœur."

He was small, spare, muscle-dried, and not really elderly. I liked him, and I wondered if he realized that his goose was already trussed and basted. He looked happy.

MY confidence in Elvire's powers was now boundless, but even so it seemed to me a very short time before she opened my study door one morning to say, "I interrupt you. Pierre and I, we are fiancés."

"So soon, Elvire?"

"Yes, he is not slow, that Pierre. Last night in the paper I see where this girl of thirty-nine is married with a feller of fifty-eight. This, I have said to him, is fine. These people are not of an age to run for the dancing, the shows, to throw away the good money. At night they sit at home in happiness, while she makes the fancyworks and he looks in the paper or speaks somewhat of his business. Also, she is young, to see at the last he gets the good funeral he pays for. I speak of this meaning nothing personal. But that Pierre, he says, 'You mean like you and me, Elvire?' Think, after so short acquaintance, how soon he speaks of marriage!"

"I'm delighted, Elvire," I said.

"You may well say so," she replied. "His house has iron vases of geraniums in the yard and one makes bathroom indoors."

Prompt to express feeling in action, Elvire began to embroider a sofa cushion. A terrific cockatoo was worked in high colors on black sateen. Beneath it, cross-stitched in neo-Gothic lettering, ran the curious legend "The Lord Is My Shepherd The Beauty of the House Is Order."

"The transfer strips of writing come short," Elvire remarked. "I have used two."

Mr. La Sœur's manifestation of joy cost more. He bought a second-hand roadster, glossy with a new paint job in coffee and cream.

"My Elvire," he said grandly, "don't ride on no truck."

I watched them start off the evening he brought the roadster to our door. They sat as far apart as the space would allow, and I wondered if Mr. La Sœur ever attempted what Elvire sometimes alluded to coldly as "getting fresh and foolish business." I suppose that he did, after all, and without repulse, for the driver of the other car swore, after the collision, that Mr. La Sœur had been driving with one hand and all over the road.

Elvire left the hospital first. It seemed that she had suffered only a bruised knee and a good shaking up, but they detained her twenty-four hours for observation. She came home voluble. She told me about the compresses, the X-rays, the malted milk that had almost caused nausea; she told me about the nurse who was fresh, and the head nurse, who said, "I want you to tell me, Miss Thibault, if they don't do right for you in every form and way." But all through the vigorous drama of her recital, her eyes were remote. She was clearly preoccupied.

A day later she came out with it. "Excuse it," she said. "I say something of importance. Look no more for the new girl. I will not marry myself."

"Why, Elvire!" was all I could say. "Why, Elvire!"

"I have savings, I'm my own boss. Why should I change? In the hospital I have thought of the fellers. Look, I permit a man too elderly, you would say, to be fresh and do foolish business, to take me out for the auto ride. At once the auto is finished and we spend our money in the hospital. And marriage can bring many such occurrences."

There was nothing to be said. There is no denying that financially marriage is a risk. Poor Mr. La Sœur, I thought.

TIME passed without word from Mr. La Sœur. Elvire became uneasy. At length she called the hospital, to learn that he had been discharged a week before.

It is one thing to order your life shrewdly and another to be jilted. Elvire began to look less square, as if her angles were melting and drooping. Days passed in which she did not once say, "I interrupt you." Then, at last, we hit rock bottom. "Excuse it," she said, plodding up to me wearily one morning. "I think always of that Laure. For when we have seen together the beautiful marble lamp of the naked lady, I have said, 'Look, Laure. You think yourself so smart to marry with a plumber; in your house will never be nothing like that, I bet.' Not mean, I say it only kidding. But Laure is mad, and quick, like this, she say, 'Aha, Elvire is jealous. Such lamps, let me tell you, are not for old maids.' "

It was a bad moment. I had never quite believed in Elvire, but she came real then, too real.

That evening I got home from the movies rather late, put the car away, and came in through the kitchen door. Elvire was walking up and down, waiting for me. I took one look at her and clapped my hands. She was corseted, all hard cubes again, and the stove, burnished with Dazzle polish, was less bright than her face.

"Ah," she said, "ah, I could not wait till the morning to tell my happiness.

"That you, Butch?"

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"O.K., Mother. You can knock off for lunch."

• •

My Pierre came, and where is he all this time, do you think? To bed, in Nanaponset, where he collects good from the insurance. Think, one hundred and seventy-five dollars we profit from our misfortune! But he is not a one to write letters. Ah, how sad he was that I have these doubts! So Thursday I go to hire the wedding dress. For with such a man, is it not so, a girl may have confidence?"

"Perfect confidence," I answered.

"I have spoken to him of the lamp," she said. "He is a man of good taste and glad to have things of beauty for our home."

We stood looking at each other. Generally, Elvire was too practical for me—that's the word, practical—but this was a moment of genuine friendship.

"Elvire," I said, "Laure will be wild. Elvire, she will be fit to be tied."

—Victoria Lincoln

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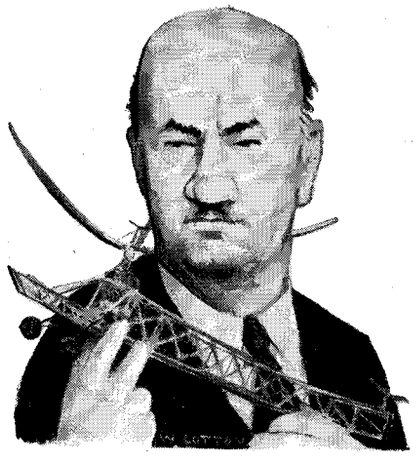
PROFILES

THE WINGED-S — II



Igor Ivanovitch Sikorsky

ONE afternoon last May, Igor I. Sikorsky, the airplane designer, wearing a dark-gray suit with a red pin stripe, a thin gray sweater under his vest, and a gray felt hat a quarter-size too small for him and with its brim turned up all round, walked out on a field adjoining the Vought-Sikorsky airplane plant near Bridgeport, and, with an air of great dignity, sat down in an open-air seat on the V S-300, a new type of helicopter which he had designed. The engine had already been warmed up and Mr. Sikorsky, looking as portentous as though he were about to take off for the moon, advanced the throttle, pulled a lever, and the plane rose vertically in the air to a height of five feet. He then descended slowly, and on his next hop rose some thirty feet before coming down on the spot from which he had taken off. After a few more jumps, one to an altitude of sixty feet, he rose and then flew forward for fifty yards or so. He repeated this feat several times, with a pleased but solemn expression, while a hundred-odd attending reporters, photographers, and newsreel men took notes and pictures.

Sikorsky subsequently called his audience's attention to the fact that, although he wore no goggles, his eyes were not bloodshot, since the helicopter was so constructed that no draft blew over the pilot seat. "This is why I could make easier the journeying," observed Sikorsky, whose native Russian, though he has been twenty-one years in this country, is still a shade more fluent than his English. He suggested that the helicopter would be useful for observation and carrying messages, bombs, etc., in wartime, inasmuch as it could take off and land practically on a dime, and would therefore not be put out of business by the destruction of flying fields by an enemy.

Although Sikorsky is known as a designer of the more common variety of airplanes, helicopters were his first love. For years, airplane designers have been experimenting with helicopters, and the V S-300 is the successor to two vertical-lift planes Sikorsky built in Russia thirty years ago, neither of which left the ground. The United Aircraft people, for whom Sikorsky works as engineering manager of the Vought-Sikorsky Division, are not sure just what the future of the helicopter will be, but they have encouraged Sikorsky to experiment with it because it keeps him happy, and because, in a day when regular airplane manufacture is becoming more standardized, it enables him to utilize the creative, pioneering gifts which have made him the father of the multiple-engined plane and the creator of the Clippers with which Pan American made its first survey flights over the Atlantic and the Pacific. United Aircraft does not ordinarily permit Sikorsky to make test flights, but he insisted on piloting the V S-300 in its press preview. Prior to this, he had been up in it a few times, on which occasions long ropes held by mechanics on the ground had been prudently attached to the helicopter. His backers were not afraid the helicopter would fall but thought it might keep on rising, and they did not want Sikorsky simply to disappear into space and never be seen again.

SIKORSKY's helicopter ascents, which, according to students of aviation, have the same old-fashioned charm as the first flights of the Wright brothers, constitute the latest manifestation of his American career. He came to this country from Russia in 1919, when he was just under thirty. Two years earlier he had been the leading authority on aviation in that country, in charge of building Russia's bombing fleet in the first World War, and well-off through the sale of his planes; now he was an immigrant with a few hundred dollars and hardly a word of English. American military aviation was suffering from a postwar slump and commercial aviation had scarcely got under way. Despite his European reputation, Sikorsky was able to find no capital with which to set himself up as a manufacturer, and little work with which to occupy himself in his chosen field. Major Alexander P. de Seversky, a Russian war ace who in 1919 was general manager of the Hannevig Aircraft Corporation in New York, hired Sikorsky as his chief engineer at a salary of $12,000, but the company was dissolved a few months later, before Sikorsky had time to do more than make some preliminary sketches. After a brief job working on an Army bomber at McCook Field, in Ohio, he resorted to lecturing on mathematics, aviation, and astronomy to earn a living. At first he spoke in his native tongue to Russian immigrant societies on the East Side. Later, as he taught himself English, he addressed American workers' clubs all over New York, Westchester, and Long Island, at anywhere from three to ten dollars a lecture. Sometimes he would simply take up a collection. He frequently borrowed lantern slides from the Museum of Natural History, and would occasionally carry a heavy projector two or three miles from some line-end subway station in Queens or Brooklyn to his objective. He lived in furnished rooms in Manhattan and Brooklyn and put himself on an eighty-cent daily budget for meals, which generally consisted of coffee, rolls, and baked beans. Sikorsky likes coffee, rolls, baked beans, and lecturing on scientific subjects, and he never felt the least bit sorry for himself during this period. He did feel impatient, however, because he was not in a position to build airplanes, and between lectures he worked on designs for large transports, capable of carrying forty or fifty passengers.

In 1922 he showed these to W. A. Bary, an American who had spent his first thirty years in Russia, where his father had had extensive oil interests. Bary knew of Sikorsky's reputation in Russia, and became his first backer here, putting up $600 toward financing the Sikorsky Aero Engineering Corporation. Sikorsky had also discussed his projects in many of his lectures, and by 1923 had built up a following, chiefly among workmen of small means, who subscribed several hundred dollars more toward the new company. Sikorsky became president of the corporation and Bary vice-president and general manager. The first six workmen to be hired were former Russian naval officers who had attended the Naval College in St. Petersburg with Sikorsky.

To capitalize on Sikorsky's reputation,

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Bary stipulated that all patents, including those for inventions developed by other men on the staff, be taken out in Sikorsky's name. Although Bary had much to do with the growth of the Sikorsky enterprise up to the time of its purchase by United Aircraft in 1929, he kept himself in the background so successfully that Sikorsky forgot to mention him in his autobiography, "The Story of the Winged-S," published in 1938. He also failed in this book to refer specifically to any of the men who helped him build his first American plane. "I have decided not to mention individual names," he wrote flatly. "It was the whole group which made possible an achievement that at first was considered by many to be hopeless." He did, however, include in the autobiography a photograph of his 1923 personnel—himself and fourteen anonymous assistants.

THE first objective of the Sikorsky Aero Engineering Corporation was to construct a twin-engined passenger transport plane. One of the workmen, who was also a charter stockholder, offered a farm he owned near Roosevelt Field as a site for operations, and there, in what had been the chicken coop and in an implausibly modest fashion, construction on the first American Sikorsky, the S-29, began. A pair of shears for cutting duralumin was made out of an automobile bumper purchased from a junk yard for fifty cents; discarded bedsprings and five-and-ten-cent-store turnbuckles were used. Theoretically, Sikorsky received a cash salary of $35 a week and approximately three times this sum in stock; his married assistants got $25 and his unmarried assistants $15, plus a proportionate amount in stock. Actually, when funds ran especially low, they sometimes worked without cash payments for weeks at a time. No money was available for a hangar at first, and in the fall of the year, when the plane was half finished, its creators were obliged to work outdoors in weather so cold that their fingers sometimes froze to the metal. Around this time, Sergei Rachmaninoff, one of Sikorsky's best friends, subscribed $5,000, which enabled Sikorsky to rent a hangar at Roosevelt Field and caused him to make Rachmaninoff a vice-president of his company.

The S-29 was completed despite all the difficulties and took off one morning in May, 1924. The plane got up to a height of a hundred feet, but, when Sikorsky tried to make a turn, the engines proved insufficiently powerful, and the S-29 landed heavily on a nearby golf course and turned over, badly damaged. There were good reasons for the disaster; the engines, like practically everything else used on the plane, were second-hand, and eight men had crowded into the ship instead of the three Sikorsky had wanted. Sikorsky admits that it has always been extremely difficult for him to say no to anyone, especially to a fellow-Russian. By midsummer the plane had been hauled back to its hangar and partially repaired, but no money was available to replace major parts—motors, propellers, wheels,—which had been smashed. Sikorsky called a meeting in his office of fifty stockholders (most of them Russians) who, despite the accident, were still on speaking terms with him, locked the door, and announced with unaccustomed firmness that it wouldn't be unlocked until $2,500 had been subscribed toward rebuilding the plane. The honor of Czarist Russia, he declared, was at stake. The money was raised, and Sikorsky, feeling that the honor of his native country had been vindicated, unlocked the door. Soon afterward he bought two second-hand Liberty motors and got the plane ready for tests.

In September, with a crew of three, he took it up, climbed a thousand feet,

"I do—and you?"

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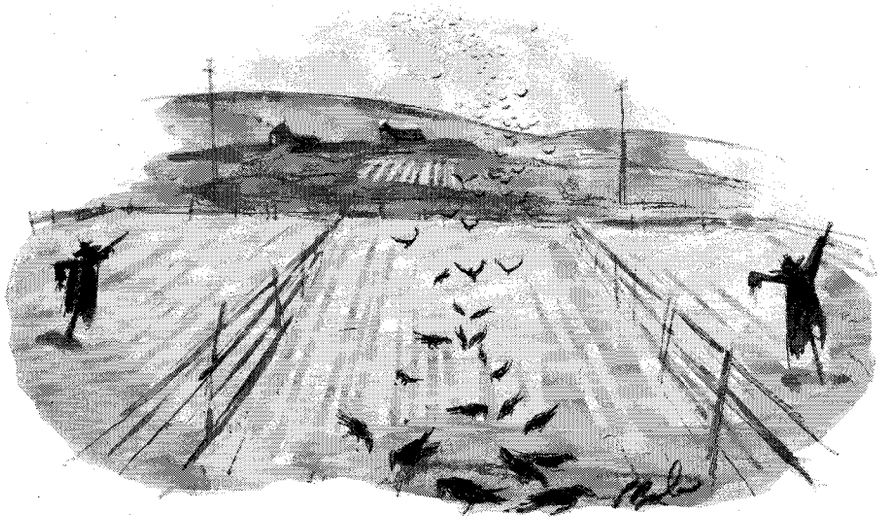
and made a satisfactory ten-minute flight before an appreciative group of stockholders. The S-29 had a fourteen-passenger cabin, a maximum speed of one hundred and fifteen miles an hour, and was the first twin-engined plane built in this country capable of flying on one motor. Sikorsky piloted it on over two hundred flights, most of them chartered trips taken by aviation enthusiasts. In 1926 he sold it to Roscoe Turner, a stunt flier, who took passengers in it across the country on several occasions and once fixed it up as a flying emporium on behalf of United Cigar Stores. In this capacity the S-29, occupied by Turner, a United Cigar executive, and a sales clerk, and trailing a banner bearing the inscription "United Cigar Stores," toured various states, stopping at flying fields to dispose of cigars, cigarettes, candy, shaving cream, and razor blades. "It visited so many places so many times that people thought there were several of them," says Sikorsky. Turner finally sold it to Howard Hughes, who used it as a German bomber in the picture "Hell's Angels." It was intentionally set on fire and wrecked in this film after having flown over 500,000 miles. Sikorsky considers the S-29's end a fittingly romantic one.

DURING the first two and a half years of his business career in America, Sikorsky had been financed largely by the Russian colony in this country. In 1925, thanks to the success of the S-29, he secured an important angel—Arnold C. Dickinson, a businessman who lives in Fitchburg, Massachusetts. The Sikorsky Aero Engineering Corporation was reorganized as the Sikorsky Manufacturing Corporation; in the next five years, Dickinson and his friends and relatives gave Sikorsky several hundred thousand dollars. The S-29 was followed by smaller Sikorskys, a few of which were sold to private fliers, oil companies, and so on, and in 1926 by the S-35, Sikorsky's first tri-motor. This plane had been ordered by a group of businessmen, some of them representing New Hampshire paper interests, who formed a club called the Argonauts and hired René Fonck, a French World War ace, to compete in it for the $25,000 New York-to-Paris prize put up by Raymond Orteig, and, incidentally, get a lot of publicity for his backers. Its construction was attended by prominent newspaper stories, country-club and chamber-of-commerce lunches given by bankers to Fonck and Sikorsky, speeches about Franco-American accord, fights between Fonck and his backers, and quarrels among the backers themselves. The ship was first tested in August, but bad weather on the Atlantic and last-minute repairs made it necessary to postpone the flight until September 21st. At five in the morning, Fonck, with a crew of three and a load of 2,380 gallons of gasoline, started the plane along a Roosevelt Field runway flanked by hundreds of automobiles and thousands of spectators. Halfway down the field, an auxiliary landing gear either broke or was partly released by someone in the plane and dragged along the ground, tearing off part of the rudder. Its tail dragging all the way, the S-35 reached the end of the runway, dropped twenty feet into a ravine, and burst into flames. Fonck and his navigator escaped; the assistant navigator and radio operator were killed.

Sikorsky, who had raced down the runway to the blazing wreck, was unable to speak for several hours. He has said that the tragedy may have been indirectly caused by the pressure of publicity and advertising contracts involved in the flight, causing the sponsors to insist that it take place before the really bad autumn weather set in, instead of in the spring, as Sikorsky wished.

The S-35, which was not insured, had cost over $100,000 to build. The Argonauts had paid only a fraction of this sum to Sikorsky, claiming that because of the publicity and the chances that the Navy, which was interested in tri-motor planes, might give him a contract he ought to be willing to take a loss. The destruction of the plane left his company in debt and Dickinson in doubt about continuing to back it. He finally decided that he would, and Sikorsky rented part of a factory in College Point, Long Island. Fonck ordered another Sikorsky in which to attempt the flight to Paris. By the time the plane was completed, however, Lindbergh had crossed the ocean, winning the Orteig Prize, and Fonck lost interest. The plane, the S-37, was disposed of to an Argentine company which used it for carrying passengers across the Andes.

BY 1927, private flying had begun to assume respectable proportions. Beginning with the S-38, Sikorsky produced a series of amphibians—selling at from $20,000 to $150,000 apiece—whose purchasers included John Hay Whitney, Joseph M. Patterson, Colonel Robert McCormick, Charles Walgreen, and the Martin Johnsons. The Johnsons, accompanied by Captain Boris Sergievsky, at one time Sikorsky's chief test pilot, took two Sikorsky amphibians to Africa, and they appeared in the Johnsons' film "Wings Over Africa." The S-38 was a twin-engine ten-seater. Over a hundred were sold—about thirty to Pan American Airways, which used them to pioneer its airlines in South America. Air-mail service between the United States and the Panama Canal was inaugurated by Lindbergh in an S-38, and in 1931 the Prince of Wales, visiting Chile, used one on trips to remote regions of that country. With its hull, wings, and tail all separate but joined by struts, the S-38, which would look old-fashioned indeed today, inspired a line which was very popular among aviation people—"There go the spare parts of a Sikorsky flying in formation." Sikorsky became enormously enthusiastic about the amphibian type of plane and launched a campaign, the issue of which is still in doubt, to have the word "amphibian" spelled "amphibion," on the theory that this would differentiate the plane from frogs, newts, salamanders, etc., and because "amphibion" is closer



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"It's no use, Colonel—they'll never come to grips at this rate."

• • •

to the Greek root. This movement, which the Sikorsky people are continuing to prosecute vigorously, met a severe setback right at the outset, when the *Times* observed that Sikorsky favored the spelling "amphibien."

The popularity of the S-38 brought Sikorsky Wall Street backing, and in 1928 the Sikorsky Manufacturing Corporation was reorganized as the Sikorsky Aviation Corporation. Dickinson was made president and the directors included J. Cheever Cowdin and Harold E. Talbott, Jr. In 1929, a month before the October crash in the stock market, it was sold to United Aircraft & Transport. Sikorsky is inclined to be indifferent to financial matters, since he prefers to keep his mind free for such subjects as aerodynamic analyses, but he says that stockholders who hung onto their holdings in his various companies through 1929 more than doubled their investment. His present factory was built that year. It is located at Stratford, near Bridgeport, between the Housatonic and the Sound, thus providing easy access to both river and open water for the testing of amphibians. The drafting room is built right out over the Sound and, with its big windows, looks like an extended promenade deck. Sikorsky designed and installed a $30,000 barrel-shaped vertical wind tunnel where he tests the effect of air currents on model planes.

Sikorsky's really big flying boats have been built since he moved to Connecticut. His first Clipper, the S-40, weighed seventeen tons; the S-42, completed in 1934, was the world's largest amphibian at the time, weighing twenty tons and being capable of carrying thirty-two passengers and a crew of five. Much of the external bracing characteristic of earlier Sikorskys was eliminated in this plane, and it broke ten world's records for speed, altitude, and pay load. Pan American used S-42's on pioneering survey flights across both major oceans. With these planes, it established service from San Francisco to Hawaii and then to New Zealand, cut the flying time from this country to the Argentine from eight to five and a half days, and made

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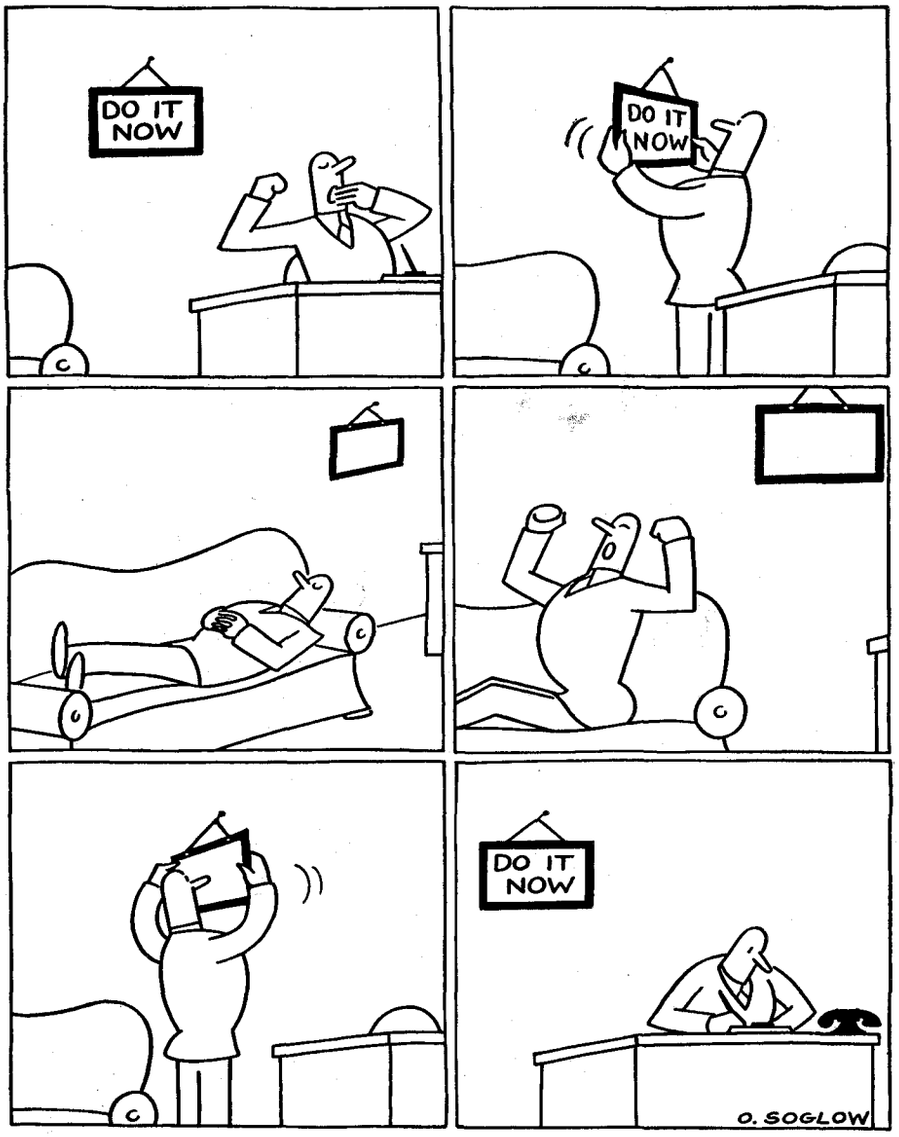

the first transport flight across the Atlantic. Sikorsky's S-42's showed for the first time that planes could be simultaneously large and economical; they led to the big airplanes of Martin and Boeing.

Around this time, Sikorsky, who had always worn caps, took to wearing a hat and to making philosophical remarks about how the development of big planes, requiring the services of fifty or more engineers on the plans for a single model, made the old-time propeller-to-tail designer (like himself) anachronistic. "Aviation is now a straight engineering proposition worked out according to definite mathematical formulae," he said a few years ago. "I think it was the time when I realized that this was true and that aviation was no longer thrilling that I had my greatest thrill in the aviation industry."

He flew a good deal on his own S-42's in Pan American's commercial service, buying his tickets like any other passenger and taking complicated aerodynamic notes as he flew. On one of these trips, between Miami and Puerto Rico, Sikorsky detected a squeaking at the rear of the plane. He made a note of this, and then scrambled apprehensively into the tail, where he discovered several baskets of baby chicks in the express compartment. He entered this fact in his notebook and returned to his seat.

Sikorsky's latest planes include a twenty-five-ton four-engine bomber for the United States Navy and a commercial version of it which can fly sixteen passengers non-stop to Europe with a crew of eleven and a maximum pay load of three thousand pounds. The Navy plane was built in competition with one designed by Consolidated Aircraft. The Navy has awarded an order for this type of ship to Consolidated, for reasons which have not been made public. However, American Export Airlines, which plans to inaugurate a service between New York and Lisbon in the fall, has ordered three of the commercial planes, which are being built at the Vought-Sikorsky plant. According to Sikorsky, they can easily be converted into bombers. Although they are eighty feet long and have a wingspread of a hundred and twenty-four feet, Sikorsky does not regard them as really large. He has for several years predicted the coming of hundred-ton airliners. He is working on the plans for such a plane, which he hopes Pan American will buy. He thinks the hundred-tonner is just around the corner, and that thousand-ton flying boats, carrying several thousand passengers, can be designed and built without much trouble. "Looking beyond twenty-five years," he wrote in his autobiography, "we can visualize these huge flying ships with eventually three or four decks, hundreds of staterooms, long promenade and observation galleries, dining salons, smoking and dancing rooms, elevators to communicate between the lower and upper decks, various rooms for recreation, games, and sport."

FOR all his spectacular ideas, Sikorsky is a modest man, proud of his name but not ambitious except as an inventor. The absorption of his company by United Aircraft has relieved him of financial responsibility, and he is grateful for this. In one way, though, the merger resulted in a rather painful situation for him. His staff included a great many Russians, a number of whom, in the opinion of Eugene Wilson, president of United Aircraft, were being carried on the payroll for no sound reason. Wilson, a former commander in the Navy and an aviator himself, dropped some of these men from the manufacturing department only to find them turning up in the engineering department. This sleight of hand was traced to Bary, at this time one of the officers of Vought-Sikorsky, who, being a Russophile, used to start off the annual dinners of the early Sikorsky companies by proposing a toast to the Naval Academy at St. Petersburg. Bary resigned. Slightly annoyed, several of his Russian friends gave him a farewell party to which they blandly invited Wilson. They enlivened this event with a vodka-drinking competition, hoping to embarrass him, but Wilson, an old Navy man, pulled through manfully, winning the respect of everyone.

Wilson is not down on all Russians, however. He attributes the success of the Sikorsky plant mainly to Sikorsky and to Michael and Serge Gluhareff, Sikorsky's two chief engineers. There

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"How a kind word ruin my beezness"

1. Everyone takes the siesta in the heat of the day, except I, poor Juan. While all are asleep, the shops are closed. Except my shop, where I sell pottery to the American tourists for ten times what it costs in America.

Copyright, 1940, General Foods Corp.

2. An American senorita comes one afternoon to buy the pottery. "How is it that you do not take the *siesta?*" she asked, speaking that strange language which I have heard called Highschool Spanish. "Ah, *senorita,*" I sighed, "I cannot sleep!"

3. "It is the coffee!" I explained. "I love the coffee. I cannot resist it. But when I drink it with the lunch, then all afternoon I am wide awake!" She nodded. "It is good business to be open when other shops are closed!"

4. "I would give all the beezness for a good *siesta!*" I cried. "Then you should drink Sanka Coffee," she said. "It's 97% caffein-free, and *can't* keep you awake!" "It is an American trick!" I scoffed. "How can it be *good* coffee?"

5. "It's wonderful! A blend of finest Central and South American coffees!" she replied. "And the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect, and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden!' "

6. So in gratitude I charge her only *five* times what the pottery is worth. Later, I try Sanka Coffee. Delicious. And I *sleep* each day during the afternoon. My pottery beezness, he is ruin but *ah, amigo* . . . how I enjoy the *siesta!*

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are now only a handful of Russian-born employees on Vought-Sikorsky's payroll of two thousand, but Wilson feels that their presence gives the company a certain cohesiveness. "Igor is singularly the father of the organization there," he says. "The Russians regard him with mystic fervor."

SIKORSKY has been married twice. His present wife is the former Miss Elizabeth Semion. She was born in Russia and came to this country across the Pacific. Sikorsky first met her when he gave a lecture at the Russian People's Home, a Russian mutual-aid society on East Tenth Street, where she was a teacher. He considers this union of two persons who came to America across different oceans an eminently suitable one for a man who built the first transport planes to span both oceans. His first wife, whom he married in Russia in his early twenties, is dead; he has a daughter by this marriage whose husband works for the Vought-Sikorsky company. His sons, George, Igor, Nicholas, and Serge, range in age from nine to fifteen and take such an interest in space rockets that Sikorsky, to whom a pun in English is irresistible, refers to them as the four rocketeers. He lives in a fair-sized white Colonial house near Newtown, Connecticut, in a state of moderate untidiness. He has a big study, where he often works late at night on plans for planes, and an ample library of scientific, philosophical, and religious books. He annotates the margins of his books in a code of his own which indicates what he thinks of the passages marked. A plus sign means positive approval; two parallel vertical lines, temperate approval; a wavy line, a rather unfavorable opinion; a very wavy line, very unfavorable; and a zero, an error by the author. Sikorsky has ten acres of ground, including a vegetable garden which he likes to plough with a tractor. He is especially fond of cucumbers, which he raises. There is a small observatory on the grounds, and he notes through its telescope those points of the universe which he has not yet reached in a plane. Another of his hobbies is color photography, and he is constantly showing his friends some gaudy pictures he once took of Vesuvius in eruption. He has recently built a second, smaller house near Litchfield, on a forty-acre plot. He now and then uses this place as a hideaway for two or three days' reading and working in complete solitude. On these occasions he does his own cooking. Sikorsky comes to New York three or four times a

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month for aeronautical conferences and dinners or for concerts.

Although he was as polite as ever when a Soviet purchasing commission visited his plant a few years ago, even inviting the men to his house afterward, he does not care to be taken for a U.S.S.R. sympathizer. Last January, when Russia was invading Finland, he presided at a meeting held by the Committee for Russo-Finnish Coöperation in the Fight Against Communism, in the course of which Captain Sergievsky advocated the recruiting of a White Russian army to fight for Finland and $135 was raised for Finnish relief.

Since Sikorsky's activities have to do more with research than production, the war has not particularly affected his working habits. He spends about six hours a day at the plant and works anywhere from two to five hours at home. A good deal of the time he works in United Aircraft's experimental building, where improvements on the Vought-Sikorsky bombers are being developed. He is frequently called to Washington for consultation with the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, a group of scientists, supported by the government, who do secret research for the Army and Navy. Sikorsky enjoys their confidence and exchanges information with them. He sometimes lectures at aviation forums in Washington before audiences which include men from the War College and the naval air force. He is now chiefly concerned with helicopters and bigger flying boats, both of which he regards as important for national defence. When experimental contracts which require technical discussion are being considered by the government, he often represents his company, and his gift for precise explanations is said to have an impressive effect on federal officials.

Wherever Sikorsky is, one of his favorite topics has to do with the aerodynamic virtues of the albatross. This creature, he has pointed out, has the heaviest wing load of any bird—2.8 pounds per square foot—yet can soar for many hours at a time without flapping its wings once. The condor of the Andes,

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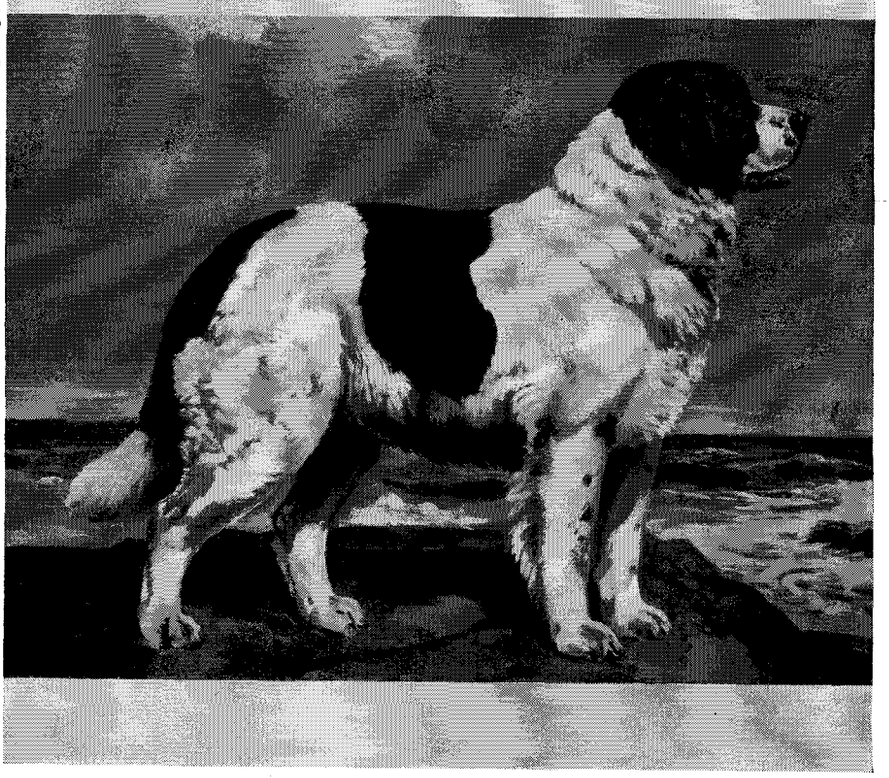

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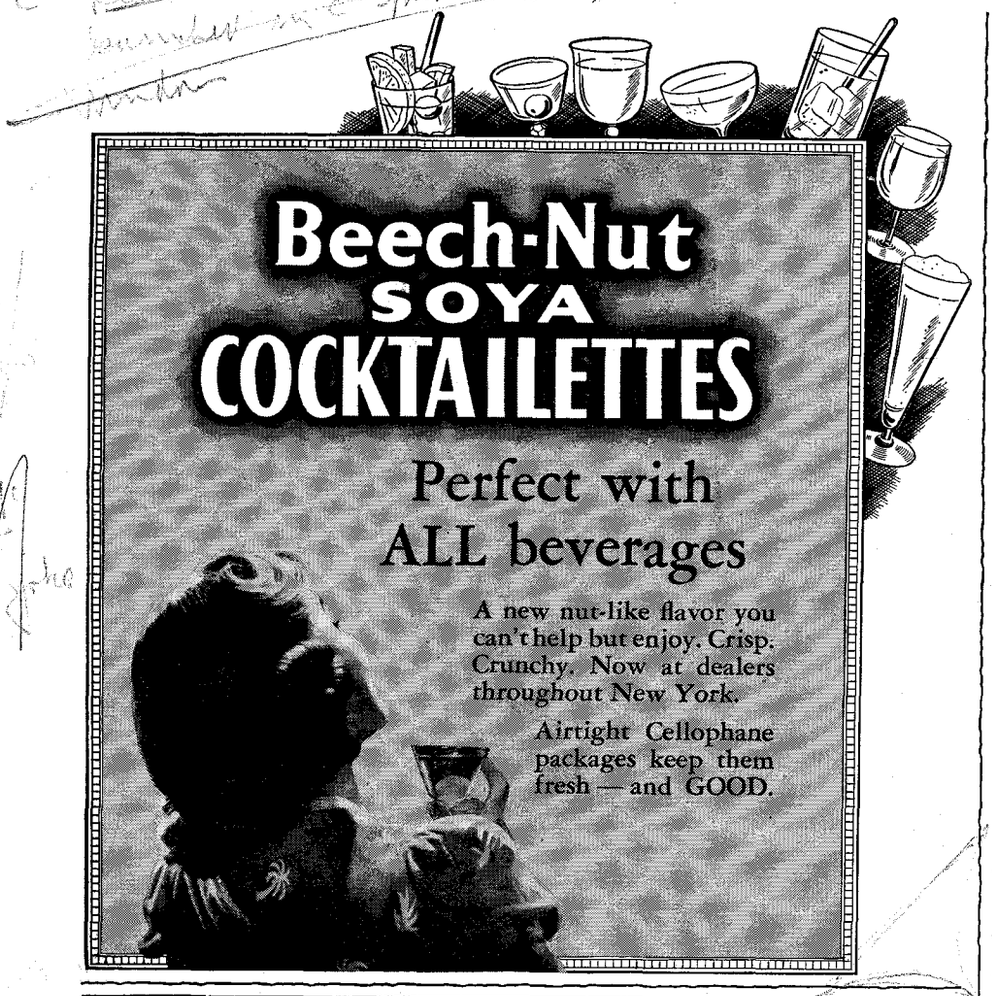
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on the other hand, a bird of about equal size, with a wing load of only 1.4 pounds per square foot, has to alight a great deal more frequently and flaps its wings quite a bit. Sikorsky employs this comparison to illustrate a belief he entertains that the old theory of decreasing wing load on planes for safety is nonsense; he believes in increasing it, and has done so on most of his recent planes. If his references to the condor and the albatross fail to win his listeners, he offers the butterfly. "The albatross rides the storm with perfect ease," he says, "but just see what happens to the butterfly with its light wing load. It is blown away." Next to the times when he is actually in the air, Sikorsky is happiest when talking about flying. "It's too much known and familiar today," he told a friend a few weeks ago, "but still, I like flying. I just love it."

—Geoffrey T. Hellman

(*This is the second of two articles on Mr. Sikorsky.*)

•

VIVE LE ROI!

The pheasant wakes me in the lucent morning
with his doubled cry.
A conscious weathercock that, stiffly turning,
declares the breaking day,

he wanders in his splendor in the meadow,
lording his quiet hen
or royally consorting with his shadow,
turfed by the climbing sun.

A pheasant? No—a phoenix flamed with feathers
fronded of light and fire.
He had unnumbered khans for his forefathers;
he is the apparent heir

of treasure and tradition made eternal
in him, the ultimate lord,
the deathless, sleek, and delicately carnal
contemptuous bird.

—Dilys Bennett Laing

•

And as her literary style here—punctuation, sequence of words and ideas—remains unaffectedly her own, so do her shrewd knowledge and acute reasoning bring forth quite naturally a significant comment or word picture on almost every page: warmed, moveover, with her love.
—*From a review of "Paris France" in the Times.*

Move over yourself!

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LETTER FROM LONDON

AUGUST 12 (BY CABLE)

THE Prime Minister came out a short while ago with a grave warning that the dangers of invasion had not in the least abated, just in case these days should be lulling anyone into forgetting what may well turn out to be a terrible August holiday program. This is the time of year when people ordinarily pack their bags and go off to pick up a tan which will last the winter; this year most of them are staying put in their homes while the homes are still there to stay put in. There is now a feeling in informed circles that the next two weeks will be the critical ones, developments being possibly timed to coincide with an intensified Italian push in northeast Africa. Certainly last Thursday's and yesterday's mass air raids over the Channel, in which on each occasion the R.A.F. made a magnificent showing by accounting for sixty planes, seem to indicate that the phase of softening-up operations is over and that any future attacks are likely to be part of the real thing. Many observers think that the Germans lost a chance by not launching their big attack in the bewildered period immediately after the collapse of France, when the defences of this country had not been effectively coördinated and stiffened, as they have now.

Speaking in the House of Commons last week, Mr. Arthur Greenwood mentioned the great strides that have been made in the production of war materials when he gave his analysis of the government's present economic policy. The ordinary Briton found the speech reassuring, and Mr. Ernest Bevin's vigorous interpolation even more so, for the queer reason that both speeches emphasized that in spite of what progress has been made, there are still difficulties to overcome before the situation can be described as satisfactory. It was probably indicative of the public temper, as well as that of the House, that the portions of Mr. Greenwood's speech which speculated on Hitler's possible difficulties with the oppressed and starving peoples of his new possessions were not so favorably received as the warning that the power of the enemy must not be underestimated.

THE appallingly dangerous phase during which people still thought that Hitler was a bit of a joke, that the German populace was not behind him, and that dud bombs would prove to be full of love and kisses from disgruntled Skoda workers is happily something which everyone wants to forget as quickly as possible. Underestimating the enemy, England now knows, is one of the first milestones on the road which leads to Vichy.

The tragic problem of the oppressed and starving people of Europe was, however, in the minds of all sober men and women this week. Mr. John Cudahy's statement that Belgium would have a famine by October, though undoubtedly sincere, seemed to most people to bristle with dangerous potentialities. The general view here is that there need be no food shortage in Europe this winter if Germany fairly and conscientiously divides the stocks available; at the end of June, the British recall, it was stated that Germany had not begun to tap her vast seven-million-ton grain reserve. The average Englishman fears that if the immense humane impulse in America is exploited to pour food into Europe, the food will find its way into Germany in spite of promises and international commissions. It has been suggested that the British government should make it clear that the blockade of enemy-occupied territories will be lifted the moment the Nazis evacuate them. It has also been suggested that a huge stock of food should be built up in America, Australia, and South Africa and a guarantee widely broadcast that it would be released to countries in need of relief just as soon as their populations showed signs of organizing a revolt against the Nazi rule. Whatever the results of the issue raised by Mr. Cudahy, Englishmen are sadly certain that bad blood between Britons and old friends must be one of them. Far less skillful propagandists than the Germans could find several fine ways of using hunger as a whip with which to touch up hatred.

IT'S hoped by all sensible men here that something will soon be done to remedy the mistakes of the wholesale internment of refugees which was put into force at the height of the Quisling scare. There has already been a good deal of agitation that has resulted in the appointment of an Aliens' Advisory Council, which met for the first time last week, and in a White Paper issued by the Home Office that lists eighteen categories of persons eligible for release, including "scientists, research workers, and persons of academic distinction for whom work of national importance in their special fields is available." At least one Nobel Prize-winner is among those kicking their heels behind barbed wire. Mr. H. G. Wells and Professor Gilbert Murray have registered strong protests against the indiscriminate internment of distinguished exiles. Mr. Augustus John now heads an Artists' Refugee Committee, which is working for the release of all artists who previous to the mass internment were regarded as friendly. The present unimaginative state of affairs seems to most Englishmen like an appalling waste of skilled manpower, time, and money, even if it doesn't show up in the still worse light of an insulting betrayal of men of good will.

THE R.A.F.'s brilliantly successful week raised the public's spirits enormously. It was hoped that the number of German planes destroyed by the British fighters would be duly noted by a section of the American press which appears to people here to act as though mesmerized by the achievements of the *Luftwaffe*. Many astonished Britons, taking time off from the war to read how American editors think it's going, have felt like protesting, like Mark Twain, that the reports of their death have been greatly exaggerated. Even the New York *Times* came out recently with the surprising statement that "over the island kingdom flew scores of German planes dropping tons of bombs that ripped apart English towns and farmsteads." This read to people living in the supposedly ripped-apart towns like something the Hamburg radio commentator might have thought up.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

TODAY'S QUESTION

Do you approve of girls having dates with others, while they are keeping steady company? Submitted by Angelo Pilla, 608 Christian St.

WHERE ASKED

Broad St. and Moyamensing Ave. Miss Mary Farrington, 263 S. Watts St., waitress. "No, I don't think so. If a girl wants to has no intention of being engaged, then you could hardly blame her. But she think she should encourage a young man to keeping steady company. When a girl begins to keep steady company, she may as well be engaged. Unless she have other dates, I don't should give her boyfriend a warning that she doesn't intend to go that far. It's only fair to him."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

If this is making you nervous, Mary, we'll withdraw the question.

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OF ALL THINGS

IT is a comfort to know that in the present crisis our industrialists are willing to meet the government halfway. If Uncle Sam will bear the losses, they will do their best to bear the gains.

•

There will soon be an important change in the retail field. Jim Farley's face will be moved from the post-office window to the soft-drink stand.

•

Ambassador Cudahy, waiting for the Clipper at Lisbon, refused to discuss the ticklish Belgian question. It is feared that the silence he has now contributed is too little and too late.

•

New Yorkers are following Wendell Willkie's corn-belt career with pride. It is the absorbing story of the rich city boy who went to the country and made good.

•

The Gallup quizzers report that the people are about two to one in favor of conscription. The measure is approved by all states, all ages, both sexes, and Republicans.

•

As a result of the Burke-Wadsworth bill, there has been a great rush of business in the New York marriage-licence bureaus. In times of military training, the best sharpshooting is done by Cupid.

•

Taking advantage of the confused situation we're all in, the Prohibitionists are threatening a new war against liquor. They can hardly wait until the boys are in the trenches.

•

Californians are considering a painless plan for supporting the old folks with a Pension Sweepstakes. The citizens would merely be asked to lose $60,000,000 a year on the World's Series and the Rose Bowl game.

•

Reports from Moscow give the impression that the insatiable Finns are threatening another invasion. The Comrades go calmly about their duties, wondering when the blow will fall.

•

According to one economist, our population will soon begin to decline. What about those grandchildren who are supposed to pay off the national debt?

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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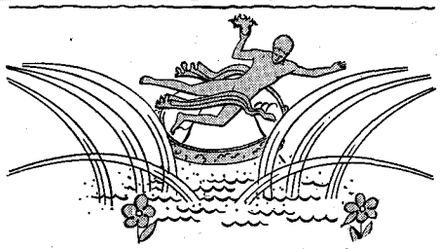

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THE RACE TRACK

Saratoga Whirlwind—Steeplechase Slump

IT doesn't do to form sentimental attachments for race horses, but sometimes you can't help it. I must confess that from now on I'm going to be a pushover for Warren Wright's Whirlaway, who won the Saratoga Special last weekend. He doesn't settle down quickly to running, but watching him come up fast in the stretch makes even this hard-boiled old horseplayer tingle. For five furlongs of the Special, Whirlaway seemed hopelessly out of it; then, suddenly, he was in front. He doesn't always win, however. Although he finished with the same spectacular rush in the United States Hotel Stakes, he couldn't quite catch Attention, and the best he could do in the Arlington Futurity was to finish third. Obviously, he runs better in longer races; a good bet, if you can get it, would be that he'll win the Hopeful Stakes.

Whirlaway, in case you haven't seen him, is a sturdy, reddish-chestnut colt by Blenheim II, who won the Derby Stakes for the Aga Khan in 1930 and was bought for $250,000 four years ago by a Kentucky syndicate headed by Wright. Whirlaway is the first of Blenheim II's sons to win an important race. Perhaps I should mention, too, that he is a half-brother of Reaping Reward, who raced for the Milky Way Farm Stable.

YOU can't blame Alfred Vanderbilt for thinking there's a jinx in his stable. One day last week, he started Koshbood, a handsome gray colt he bought from the Aga Khan a year ago. The animal seemed to nurse one of his legs during the parade to the post, and after leading most of the way, he finished out of the money. Later in the afternoon, Vanderbilt started Nedayr in the Delaware Handicap, a four-horse race in which Nedayr disobligingly ran last. Vanderbilt wouldn't have minded those setbacks so much if he could have won the Special with New World. It looked for a while as though he'd do it, too, for New World led from the start until Whirlaway caught him only fifty yards from the finish.

Mrs. Dodge Sloane's Mettlesome was a tip in the Special; he did a remarkably fast time trial for the race, and while he was being saddled his trainer, Hugh Fontaine, wore the hat he thinks brings him good luck, but Mettlesome tired badly after chasing New World for half a mile. Fontaine is almost ready to give away the hat.

THERE'S no doubt now that Level Best is the leading two-year-old filly. She polished off half a dozen colts, including Big Stakes and Omission, convincingly enough in the Saratoga Sales Stakes. I expect she'll do the same to the members of her own sex she meets in the Spinaway this weekend, though you may hear a lot of talk before the race about Nasca, who won the Schuylerville the other afternoon. Nasca is fast, but if you're looking for hunches, only four horses have won both the Schuylerville and the Spinaway in the twenty-two years since the Schuylerville was first run.

The goings-on of the three-year-old fillies continue to amaze everyone. Salaminia, who had won only two unimportant races in ten starts this season, hardly was expected to lead all the way in the Alabama Stakes, but she did, beating Fairy Chant, who ran much better than in the Test Stakes, and Piquet, who won the Test but was third in the Alabama. Salaminia does that sort of thing naturally, for she is a half-sister of Menow, who ran a similar race the day he beat War Admiral in the Massachusetts Handicap in 1938.

BIMELECH will have Your Chance to worry about in the Travers Stakes this weekend—or vice versa. I wasn't impressed by the performance of Your Chance in the Kenner last week, nor was his stable. In fact, Jack Joyner, his trainer, was downright surprised that the colt didn't beat Fenelon more easily. Of course, Your Chance hadn't raced for weeks, and might have needed winding up; nevertheless, I didn't like the way he swerved when hit with the whip. One observer I ran into thought that Your Chance struck a hard spot on the backstretch of the track and jarred a leg (the most extraordinary things happen to horses), for he didn't seem to stride so freely in the last half of the race.

Fenelon isn't a particularly stout fellow. He was a late foal and hasn't attained his full strength and growth. Besides, he had flu last spring, and, all in all, he's not likely to go any better in the Travers, a long race, than he did

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A LITTLE SWEET,
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RUM 89 PROOF — Schenley Import Corp., N. Y. Copr. 1940

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in the Kenner. I shall stick to Bimelech, even though he has been doing more riding on trains than training on tracks.

STEEPLECHASING, so good at Belmont Park in the spring, has turned sour again at Saratoga. Last week there were the same old small fields, and horses were going lame all over the place. Trainers say the reason is that the Saratoga course is too hard, but they won't allow the track to be watered because that would make it slippery—a complicated situation, you must admit. Almost everybody, the exceptions being those who bet on Ossabaw, was disgusted with the Shillelah Steeplechase last Saturday, in which there were only three starters. You couldn't blame them. Ossabaw bounded on lengths ahead of L'Odeon, and Whaddon Chase, who before the race had walked as though his legs hurt him, limped along a furlong behind and finally became so crippled that he had to be taken from the field in an ambulance. The day before, a jumper named Hop also broke down, but managed to win. If this keeps up, there won't be any horses left to run in the $15,000 Grand National Steeplechase at Belmont Park in October. As a matter of fact, there is better steeplechasing at the half-mile tracks in Maryland. The only trouble down there is that you become muddled watching the animals go round and round. The young man who runs the photo-finish camera in Maryland keeps count this way: he has a board with eight nails stuck in it, and each time the leader passes a certain point he pulls out a nail. When all the nails are out of the board, he knows it's time to get ready to take the picture of the finish. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Returning to Bucharest today, Gigurtu immediately hurried to an audience with King Carol, and the report was circulated that the axis intransigently backs up Hungary's claims to the limit, thus presaging a Rumanian crisis which may result in the possible overthrow of the present Rumanian government in Toto.—*Los Angeles Examiner.*

They could move to some other town, maybe?

•

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[*From a pamphlet put out by the New Haven Railroad*]

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HERR LINDSTRÖM

HERR LINDSTRÖM lifted his glass of aquavit and bowed ceremoniously, first to me and then to my husband.

"*Skål!*" he said, and emptied his glass with one motion.

"*Skål!*" said John, my husband, doing nearly as well.

"*Skål!*" said I, sipping carefully.

"In America now, you would be drinking cocktails?" inquired Herr Lindström, spreading an oblong of *knäckebröd* thickly with cheese.

"Yes," said John.

"Or sherry," I added, taking another sip.

"No," said Herr Lindström with decision, "sherry is for the English, I think. Not the Americans."

I looked quickly at him, about to protest, then gave it up. He seemed so very certain and, after all, he was our host. An extremely good-looking one, I thought, tall and broad-shouldered, with a narrow face, blue eyes—which seemed pale in contrast to the deep tan of his skin—and smooth, fair hair bleached even lighter by the northern sun. I was still faintly astonished that we should be dining with him on that cool July evening, a year ago, in the famous Oxtorgskällaren in Stockholm.

We had met him a few days before at the home of an English friend. "Rather a mysterious man," our hostess had informed us privately, "from one of Stockholm's best families. Goes everywhere, does everything, except work. No one really knows, but"—she shrugged her shoulders—"people talk. He is said not to like Americans, so don't have your feelings hurt if he snubs you. It's too bad, for he speaks excellent English."

Herr Lindström's politeness had been adequate though not effusive. It had not led us to expect any further acquaintance, but in less than a week he had rung up late in the afternoon and asked us to dine out with him that evening. Taken by surprise, I had tried to hedge and postpone the invitation till a later date. But Herr Lindström had been quite insistent upon that particular evening.

"I think it's sort of funny," I had said to John, "his asking us so suddenly."

"Not funny at all," said John. "I think it's very kind of him."

"But there was something about the way he talked over the phone," I argued. "I couldn't help feeling there was something behind it. And his making such a point of our coming tonight."

"Nonsense," said John. "Don't be thinking you're psychic. Just get ready."

HERR LINDSTRÖM, perceiving that I had at length disposed of my aquavit, ordered three more glasses.

"The Swedish liquor system is the best in the world," he said, demolishing a school of sardines one after another. "We do not drink spirits unless we eat food. So we achieve temperance. We do not drink more than we eat. So we keep our senses."

I hoped he was right.

"I think I should like another meat ball," said John.

We all rose and circled for the second time about the heavily laden *smörgåsbord* in the centre of the room. I observed that John and Herr Lindström were reloading their plates with slices of ham and tongue, scooping up generous helpings of salad, spearing anchovies out of open tins, sampling caviar, olives, pickles, and cheese, and still finding room on their plates for a neat mound of little meat balls. I was shocked at their voracity until I realized that I was doing practically as well.

When we resumed our chairs, the waiter placed three more glasses of aquavit before us. My glass was smaller than the others, and I was grateful that the Swedes were not entirely committed to a belief in the equality of the sexes.

Herr Lindström again saluted us, more warmly than before, I thought. "*Skål!*"

"*Skål!*" we answered dutifully.

"Before we finish our *smörgås*, we should perhaps order the *varmrätt*. That is the main course," he explained.

John got out his bone-rimmed glasses to read the menu, and Herr Lindström laughed with unexpected abandon.

"Now I *know* you are an American. But you, Madame, are you not also American?"

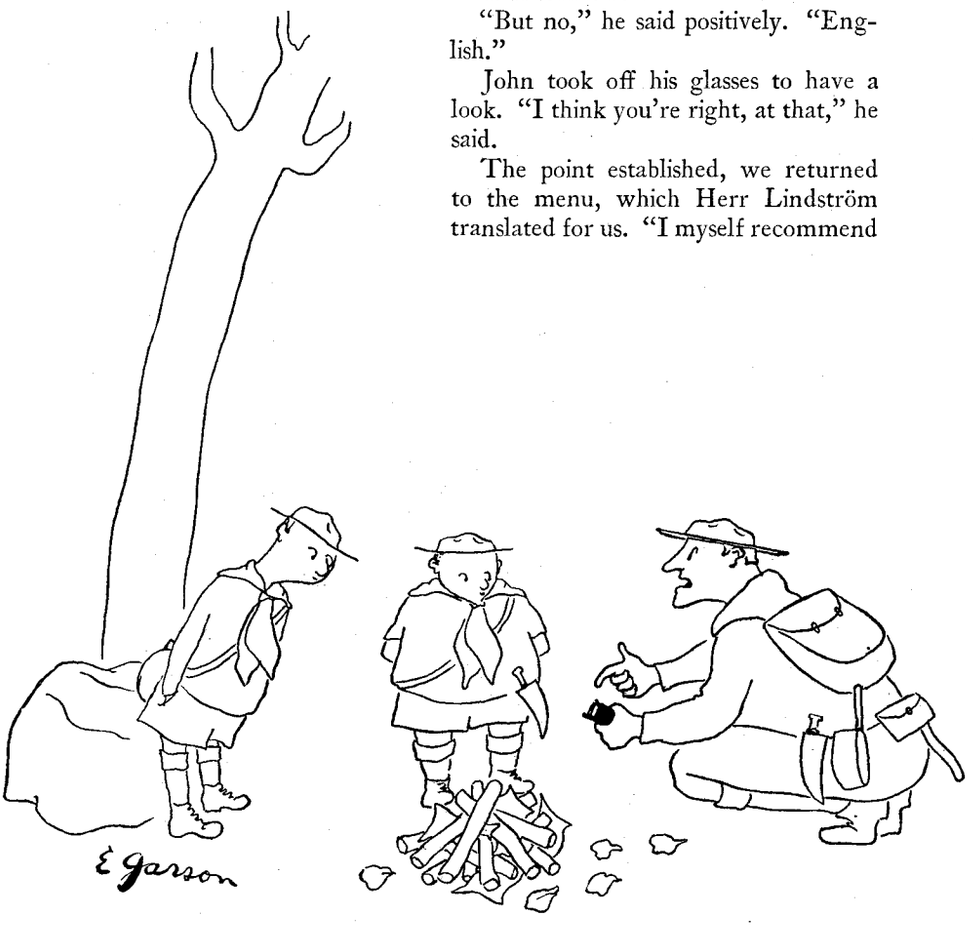
We looked puzzled. He laughed again. "I mean the spectacles," he said. "All Americans wear them. Not so the Swedes. We have good eyesight."

I looked about the dining room. At last I found one elderly woman who was surveying her plate through eyeglasses. Triumphantly I indicated her to Herr Lindström.

"But no," he said positively. "English."

John took off his glasses to have a look. "I think you're right, at that," he said.

The point established, we returned to the menu, which Herr Lindström translated for us. "I myself recommend



"The most convenient method is to use a simple, inexpensive cigarette lighter."

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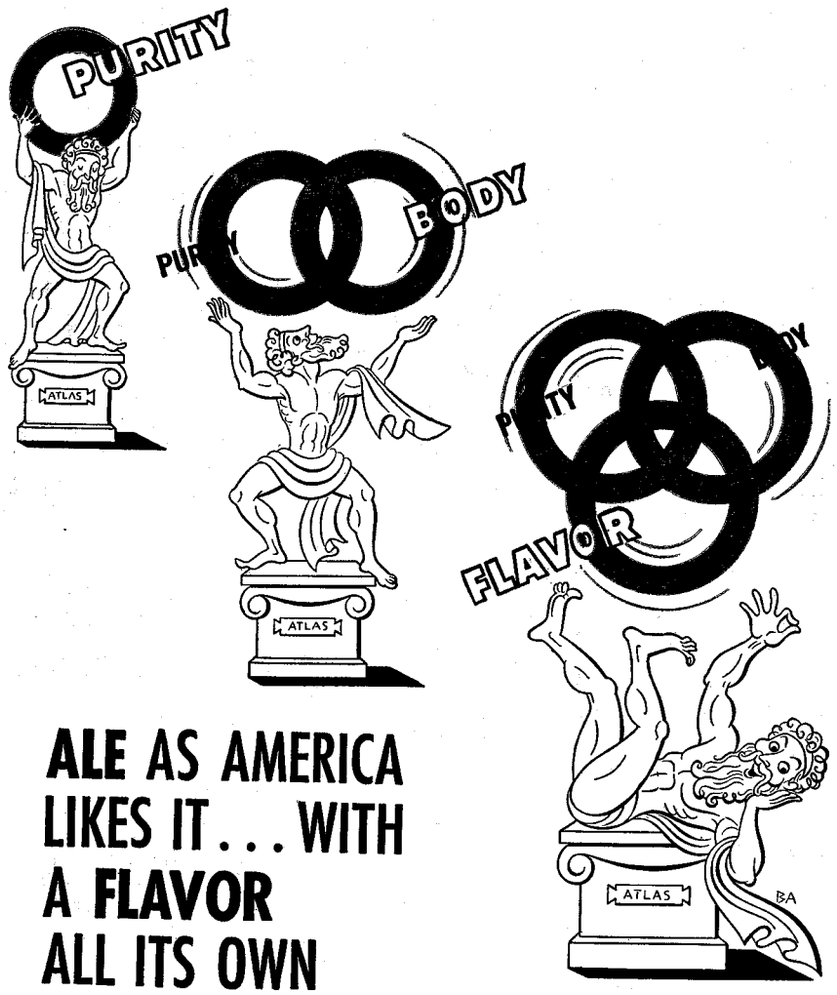

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the *châteaubriant,*" he said. "It is very good here."

"I feel quite full already," I demurred. "I hardly think—"

Herr Lindström looked pained. "But of course," he said. "We have had just the beginning—how do you say?—the appetizer. Now we must have the dinner."

Submissively we accepted the *châteaubriant.* "And now for the wine. It is usual to drink a light beer with the aquavit," he explained to John, "but because we have the lady with us, we shall have wine. What would you like, Madame?"

I murmured politely that I should be happy if he would choose.

He frowned a moment at the *Vinlista* and then gave an order. "It is Clos Vougeot 1929. I think you will like it."

The *châteaubriant* was served with ceremony—a thick steak, covered with vegetables, on a silver platter under which a small blue flame was burning. The bottle of wine was presented reverently for our host's approval before the cork was drawn. Herr Lindström again skoaled us heartily.

The meal progressed pleasantly. Under the beneficent influence of the full-flavored ruby wine, our stiffness quite disappeared. Herr Lindström talked most entertainingly, and, with his encouragement, we related our first impressions of Sweden. He was much amused by some of them. I told myself that I had been foolish to suspect any ulterior motive in his invitation. Yet once or twice I felt a sudden absentmindedness in his conversation. It almost seemed as if he were waiting for a moment to arrive. A silly thought came into my head: "Whom the gods would destroy they first make tipsy." I clung to the Swedish formula of food as a counterbalance to liquor, and when John accepted a second helping of the steak, so did I.

For dessert, we had *jordgubbar med grädde* (an ugly name, I thought, for anything so lovely as strawberries and cream) and most delicious little almond cakes.

"King Gustav," said Herr Lindström, "eats *jordgubbar* every day he lives. He likes best the little, sweet, wild ones. It is generally supposed they are responsible for his good health."

The King must be a fine fellow, John said, and remarkable for his years.

Herr Lindström agreed. "He is past eighty and he smokes one cigarette from another, but he yet plays an excellent game of tennis. I myself have played with him." I looked at him with the

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respect due one who has said "Your serve" to Royalty. "It is sometimes difficult. One would like him to win, but he must not suspect that one arranges it." Herr Lindström broke off suddenly and, extending a brown wrist from his coat sleeve, regarded his watch.

"Perhaps we should be going," I hazarded, thinking it would be easier said than done.

"But no," he said, "we must have *Punsch* and coffee."

I read the label on the slender bottle ensconced in a bucket of ice: "Cederlund's Caloric Punsch." "Goodness," I gasped, "calories are the last thing I need right now."

That was beyond Herr Lindström. He looked puzzled and asked, "Please?"

An explanation was equally beyond me, so I smiled vaguely and we all drank the sweet, smooth *Punsch* with the coffee, which was black and strong. Herr Lindström lighted our cigarettes; we sat back comfortably in our chairs. "Now," he said, and I saw a look of purpose come into his eyes, "I should like to ask a little favor of you."

Look out, I thought, here it comes.

He reached into an inner pocket and brought out a long envelope. "You are Americans, yes? I think you can help me."

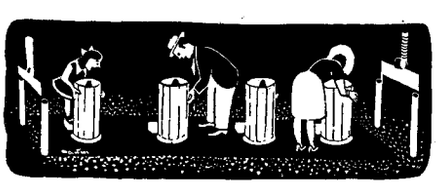
John and I exchanged wary glances and waited almost breathlessly. What, as Americans, was about to be demanded of us?

With a little fumbling, as though he were nervous, Herr Lindström extracted a newspaper clipping from the envelope and unfolded it. It was a crossword puzzle, a Swedish crossword puzzle.

"I am taking part in a competition," he said seriously. "These puzzles are of an exceeding difficulty. They are not for everyone, being more comprehensive than most can do. The puzzle is in Swedish, you understand, but words of other countries are also included, to make it harder. In this puzzle there is an American word which I do not know. It is all I lack to completing this puzzle." He looked appealingly at us.

"John is very good at crossword puzzles," I said hastily.

John said he might have done something to help earlier in the evening; he was not very hopeful about it



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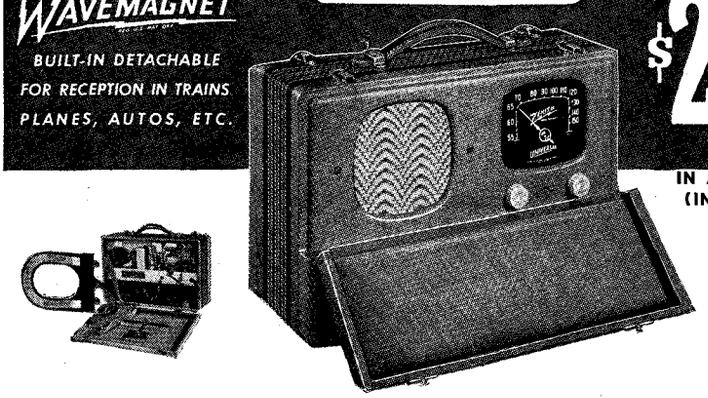

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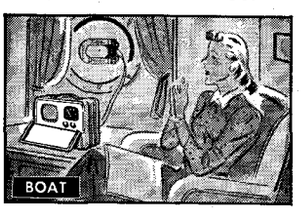

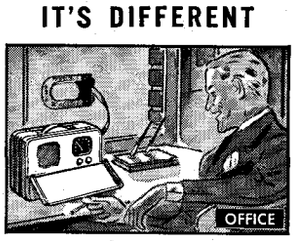

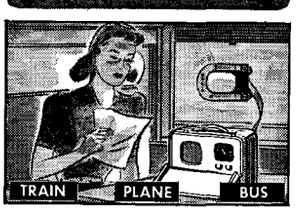

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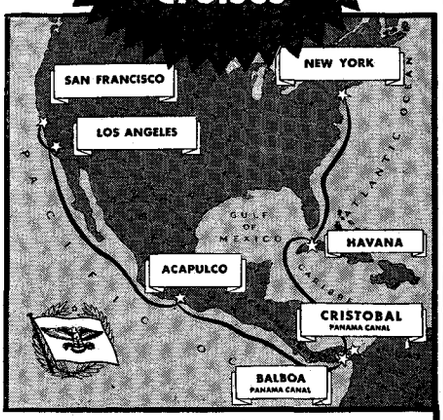

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now. Nevertheless, he took out his glasses.

"It is, to translate," said Herr Lindström, "a feathered dancer. It would, perhaps, be a bird?"

"How many letters?" asked John.

"*Nio*, nine. And here is an 'l' and a 'y,' and at the end a 'd.'"

"Sally Rand," said John, with no hesitation at all. He swam before me in a haze of glory.

"It is precisely," said Herr Lindström, filling in the letters neatly with his fountain pen. "A sallyrand. That is it. I was certain you would know. I am most thankful. That now completes the puzzle."

Suddenly we realized that the evening was completed as well. Herr Lindström quickly summoned the waiter and paid the bill. Almost before we knew it, we were standing on Kungsgatan in the cool, bright evening. "You understand," he told us, "that I must now make haste to post this. The time of the postmark is also of importance."

We remembered our manners just in time. "*Tack för maten*," we called after him, but Herr Lindström was already stepping into a taxi.

A WEEK later we were much gratified to read in the crossword-puzzle section of *Aftonbladet* that the competition for experts had been won by Herr Carl Axel Lindström.

—KATHERINE LYON

•

NOCTURNE

An owl sits on the moon and ponders
Darkness, where he sees
The unsuspecting prey that wanders
Under hemlock trees.

Hidden rabbit, do not stir;
Squirrel on the bough,
Shrink into your ruffled fur—
The owl is watching now,
The owl is watching you.

Golden owl and silver moon,
Slowly now they climb
To the dreadful afternoon
Of receding time,

When the midnight shall be dawn
And the morning dew
Shall be blood upon the lawn.

—ROBERT HILLYER

•

Mr. and Mrs. John W. T.——, of Bala-Cynwyd, are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter, September 25, 1940, in the Bryn Mawr Hospital.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegraph.*

That's calling 'em!

QUININE WATER what . . . to drink?

Yes, sir. Quite so, sir. Been done in the tropics for years. "Gin and Tonic" they call it, and *man* is it refreshing on a hot day.

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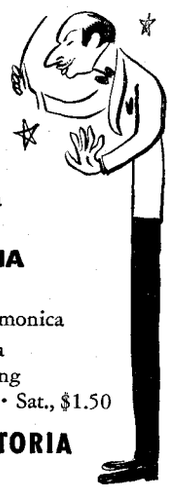
Order some today and try it. Ask for it at your club, at good bars, restaurants, hotels.

CANADA DRY QUININE WATER
(CARBONATED)

Starlight Roof



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

What Is This, Anyway?

FOUR good pictures this week —*four*. Four pictures that the writers, actors, and producers need not be ashamed of, and that will give most people a decent fifty cents' worth of entertainment. They're well assorted, too—a handsome, witty costume piece; a practically irresistible force; a reasonable discussion of one aspect of the international situation; and a rousing Western, with plenty of good horsemanship and fair gags. Honestly, I had to nip over to Broadway and take another look at "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante," just to convince myself I wasn't dreaming.

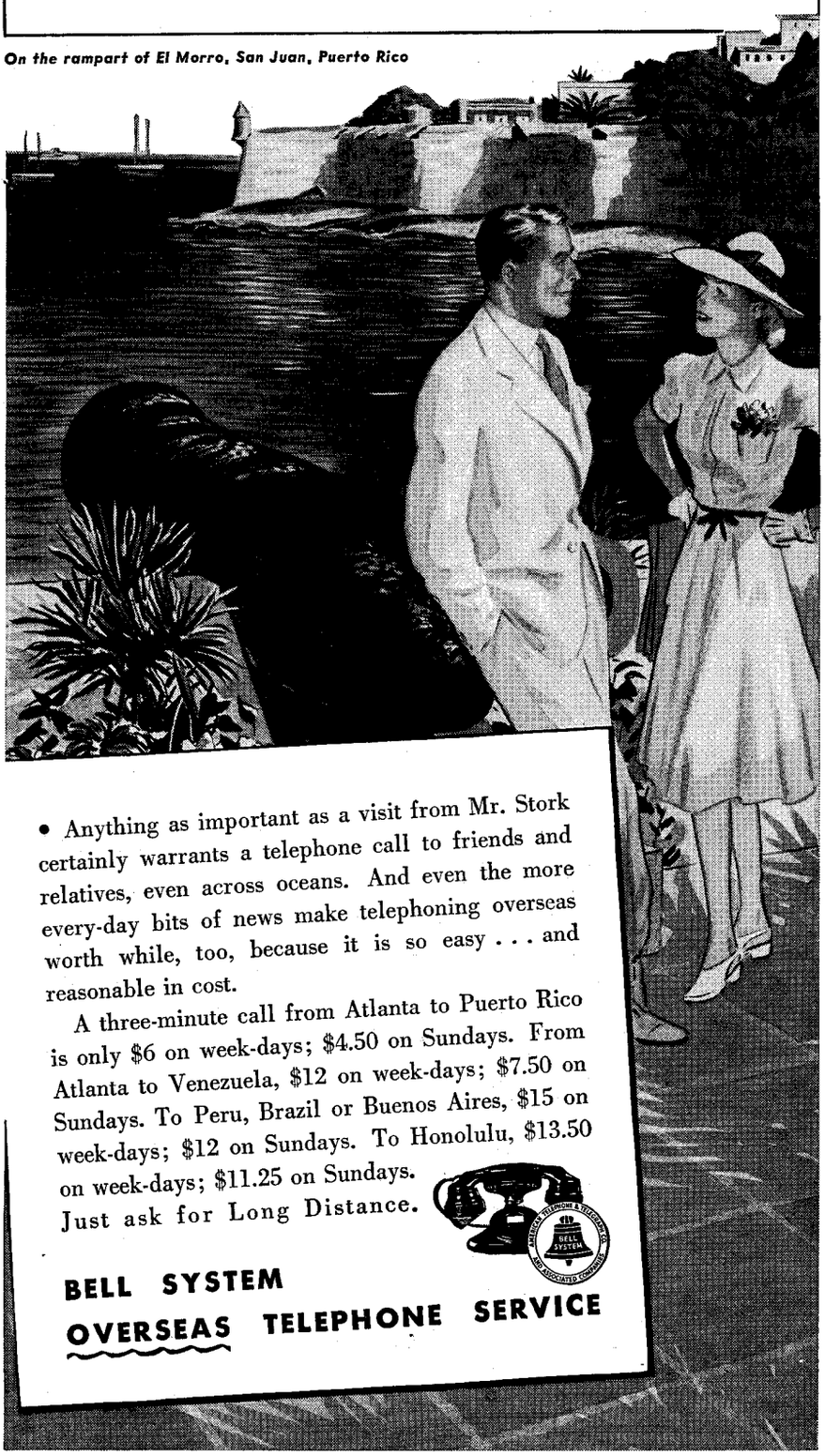
"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE" is certainly one of the year's best films. Its pace may be a bit leisurely, but I can promise you that you won't be bored. The dialogue is by Jane Austen, the writers assigned to the adaptation having sensibly decided against trying to improve on the lady's prose. Aldous Huxley was one of the scenarists, incidentally, and the choice wasn't so silly as you might think at first; Jane Austen, in her day, was as brittle as Huxley, Noel Coward, and a whole package of Saltines together. Robert Z. Leonard handles with perfect ease a script that would have floored most directors, and will undoubtedly be rewarded with one of those nasty little statuettes.

Greer Garson seems a perfect choice to play Lizzie Bennet. A beautiful woman who is also intelligent, or at least looks intelligent, doesn't turn up every day in Hollywood—or, for that matter, anywhere else. She really deserves the compliment of being called a woman, too; most Hollywood actresses are "girls," and remain girls to the bitter end. Oh, I could go on and on about Greer Garson. Laurence Olivier, as Mr. Darcy, is back in his familiar sinister-lover vein, and does very nicely. The supporting cast is full of reassuring names —Frieda Inescort, Karen Morley, Edmund Gwenn, and several other top-notchers. It didn't seem to me that Mary Boland, as Mrs. Bennet, needed to work so hard for her laughs—she was practically taking prattfalls—but

"Mother'll call us from Atlanta as soon as she hears the news."

"I sure hope it's a boy for Betty this time."

On the rampart of El Morro, San Juan, Puerto Rico



• Anything as important as a visit from Mr. Stork certainly warrants a telephone call to friends and relatives, even across oceans. And even the more every-day bits of news make telephoning overseas worth while, too, because it is so easy . . . and reasonable in cost.

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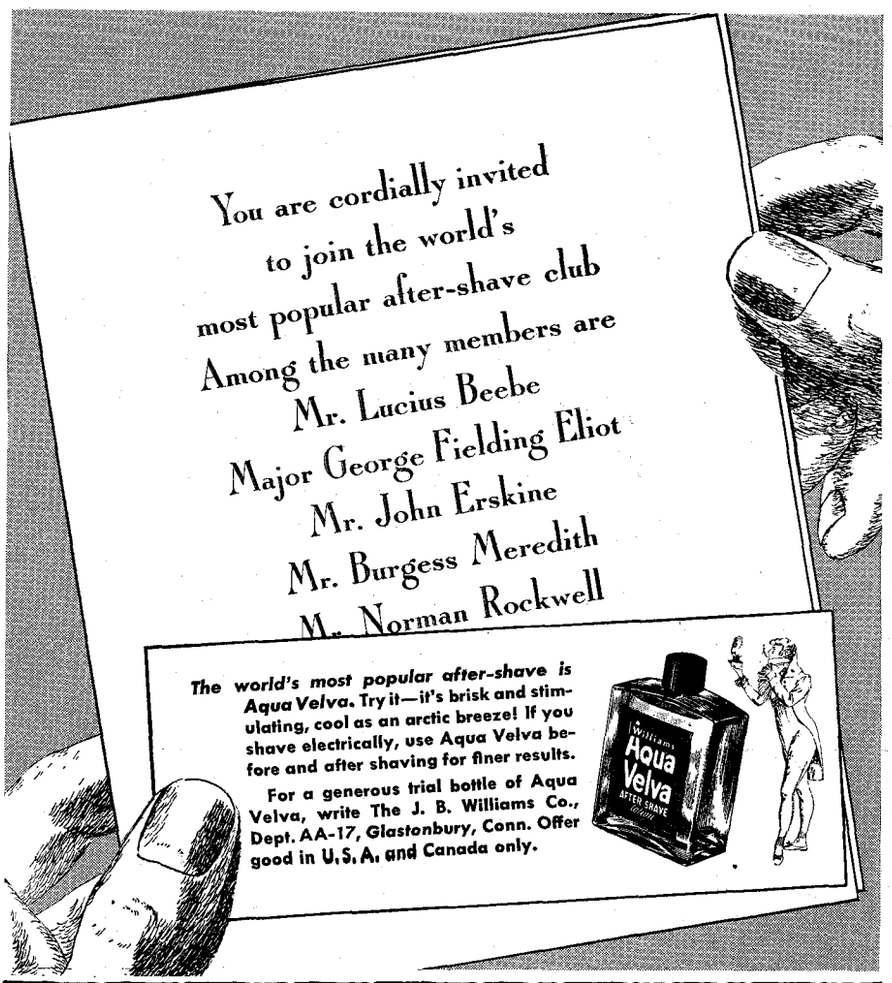
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that's a minor flaw. You'll have to see "Pride and Prejudice."

"I Love You Again" made me laugh and laugh, and after I had pulled myself together I decided that it was the funniest picture I had seen this year. W. S. Van Dyke has knowingly combined the pleasant talents of Myrna Loy and William Powell in a manner that makes the old story about amnesia seem like a novel inspiration. It is a pleasure to watch him pile up laughs—belly laughs, how-did-that-ever-get-by-the-Hays-office laughs, and the sort of laughs that come, so rarely these days, from well-written dialogue. Mr. Powell is a confidence man who awakes from a nine-year bout of amnesia to discover that he has settled down as the manager of a pottery, joined the Elks, and married Miss Loy. His horror at finding out that during his derangement he has taken to wearing a hard straw hat is, as the critics say, alone worth the price of admission.

"The Man I Married" is a remarkably quiet and effective study of the Nazi mind. The story is about an American girl who is married to an Americanized German. They go to Germany, where he gets caught up in the Nazi hysteria and is, in the end, rather peculiarly disappointed—it wouldn't be fair to tell you how. The simple, almost anecdotal treatment of the story is very refreshing. Most anti-Nazi tracts wander off into side issues and lose their point; this one very definitely does not. Joan Bennett and Francis Lederer are in it.

Fritz Lang, who directed "The Return of Frank James," has finally solved the question of what to do about Technicolor. He has simply moved his story indoors whenever possible, considerably reducing the danger of straining his audience's eyes. It is still a Grade A Western, though, with plenty of good riding. Henry Fonda plays Frank James, and I'm afraid you'll have to be prepared, if you go to see the film, for quite a lot of Jackie Cooper. The courtroom sequence, in which Frank James is acquitted of murder by a highly prejudiced jury, is better-than-average comedy. —Russell Maloney

•

WILLKIE HOPES
SOAR; MAY WIN
BY A LANDSLIDE

Roosevelt by Slight
Margin, if at All

—Headlines in the Chicago Tribune.

What's the matter, cooling off?

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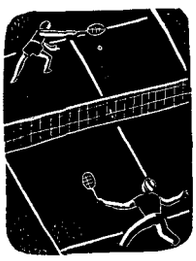
THE TENNIS COURTS

Lady Talent Scout



FOR two reasons it would probably be unwise to say that if you saw the Eastern Grass Court Championships at Rye, you might as well stay away from the Nationals this year. In the first place, such a statement smacks of more prophetic power than this department cares to smack of, and in the second, it might alienate the folks who count the gate receipts of the Nationals. Just the same, the Westchester tournament was a pretty good sneak preview. Riggs and McNeill had things their own way until they met in the finals, and then Riggs continued to have things his own way. He won in four sets, and although it didn't look easy, it looked as though he could do it again. Miss Marble beat Miss Jacobs in the women's finals, and it did look easy. She should be the heaviest feminine favorite Forest Hills has seen since Molla Bjurstedt Mallory.

Riggs, in an effort to keep the scenario for the Nationals as close to the Westchester version as possible, arranged to work out this week with Don Budge and another pro by the name of John Nogrady. The strategy of this move is to develop aggression against aggressors, meaning Kovacs and McNeill. If he can learn to play a forcing game against the likes of Budge, he should be able to coast to another title in September. At least, that's the view taken by Miss Eleanor Tennant, who prescribed the Budge-Nogrady diet and who has been Svengaliing top-ranking amateurs for a number of years. She's usually identified with women players, especially Alice Marble, but she coaches men, too, and is currently concentrating on Riggs and Van Horn. Miss Tennant was an amateur herself once, back in 1920, when she was rated No. 3, below Mrs. Mallory and Marion Zinderstein. She was the first of the ladies to turn professional, and probably the most successful. When she joined the advisory board of a sporting-goods concern recently, she quit giving lessons at her home club in Beverly Hills, and now, she says, the average citizen couldn't buy her services even if he offered her his life's savings. The only way he could get her so much as to look

. . . The welcome sail

She left England with the Spring sun warm on her decks . . . to buffet the cold Atlantic for weary weeks, to risk the fogs and floes of Hudson Strait, into the great inland sea of Hudson's Bay . . . To the lonely men of the Hudson's Bay Company posts, her welcome sail meant more than needed goods and gear; conveyed letters and news from home, and assurance that England and the Honourable Company had not forgotten them . . . And with her came small casks of the finest whisky of Scotland, reserved for officers and managers of the Company . . .

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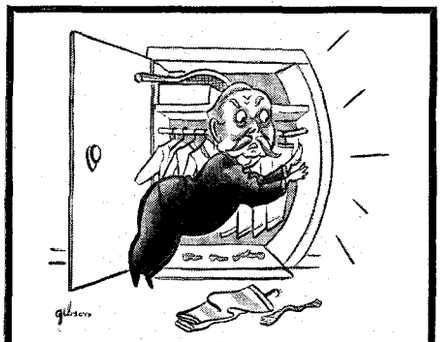

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in his direction would be to turn up at one of her "clinics," for which her employer supplies the equipment, charging it off to promotion, and at which she demonstrates the finer points of tennis and does some scouting for talent at the same time.

If Miss Tennant becomes particularly enthusiastic about a promising young player who in turn would like to go in for career tennis, she takes complete charge of the prospect's every waking moment, and is quite likely to throw in a few hints on what to dream about. Miss Tennant, in discussing her charges, sounds not unlike a mother speculating on the future of an unborn child. "If it's a girl," she says, "she must be developed into what I call a Major Personality. She needs clothes, and if she hasn't got them, I look around for someone who'll get them for her." Right now, Miss Tennant is nursing along a young lady she discovered in the Middle West who couldn't afford the fancy life required of a Major Personality. It took Miss Tennant about a week to round up $400 to start her off. It is doubtful, however, if this protegée, or any other, will ever turn out as successfully as Alice Marble. Miss Tennant has been Miss Marble's friend for nine years, handles her business affairs, and calls her "Pinky." It is also doubtful if Miss Tennant will ever take on another Welby Van Horn, who won't follow instructions and gives her nothing but trouble. "I've got him psychoanalyzed," she says, "but he won't coöperate."

WEEKLY KOVACS BULLETIN: The question, raised in this department the other day, of why Kovacs wasn't seeded at Rye is answered by the fact that he wasn't entered. It seems that when he applied for accommodations at the Westchester Country Club, he also asked for rooms for a small convoy of twelve friends. The answer was no, and the answer to that was no convoy, no Kovacs. Nobody at Rye knew just where he did spend the week, but people figured he'd turn up at Newport.

—D. E. L.

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

OUR AID VITAL, SHAW SAYS

PLAYWRIGHT HOLDS BRITAIN WOULD FALL WITHOUT U. S.

—Headlines in the Times, July 17th.

SHAW SAYS U. S. MUST GET INTO THE WAR OR PERISH

BUT HE DECLARES BRITAIN CAN HANDLE HITLER WITHOUT US

—Headlines in the Herald Tribune, same day.

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THOUGH IT BREAKS MY HEART TO GO

HE had got her up to his apartment and sitting in the big leather chair with her hat off and her feet curled up under her, drinking one of the rum cocktails he had made. The windows stood open and the hot late-afternoon air came in and the sounds out in the street. The radio on the desk changed from music into a news broadcast, and he walked over and turned it off.

"Listen," she said, smiling over her cocktail at him, "*please* put on your officer's cap and let me see how you look in it."

He shook his head, smiling, and brought his cocktail over and sat down on the floor at her feet. He took one of her shiny black shoes off and held her foot in his hand.

"Lovely foot," he said. "One of the nicest feet in New York."

"*One* of the—"

"The nicest foot I know."

Satisfied, she wriggled in the leather chair, and pitching her voice in a different key to show that she wanted the conversation on another plane, she said, "Aren't you *glad* now you did all that business in college? I mean, now you'll be an officer there and everybody'll salute you."

"Ummhmm," he said. He slid his arm across the cool leather of the chair seat, around behind her.

She moved slightly to show that she noticed it, and went on talking on the other plane. "You know, I thought about you last night, when I was going to sleep. I thought about you next week up there. I just love to think about it. I wish I was going to see you. Giving orders and having everybody salute you. Give an order."

"What?"

"Give an order now. Let me hear what it sounds like when you give an order."

He shook his head and smiled, got up off the floor, and leaned over to kiss her. But she got the cocktail between her face and his and pushed him away with her hand on his chest.

"I want to drink my nice cold drink," she said. "I want to talk about you at camp. What'll it be like? Tell me what it'll be like."

"It won't be like anything," he said. "I won't spill your drink. I won't sit in the chair with you if you don't want me to. I just want to kiss you a little."

"It's so hot," she said. "It's awfully hot in here. I want to relax and drink this drink, and then can we have another little one, and you tell me about them saluting? And your uniform? How do you look in your uniform?"

"I don't know. I haven't got boots. Just puttees."

"How do you mean? Ought you to have boots?"

"They cost a lot. Please let me sit in the chair with you. I won't make you hot."

"Yes, you will," she said, but he sat down on the edge of the chair beside her and began eagerly to kiss her. She wriggled away and shook his arm, so his drink spilled a little on her lap.

"Now look!" she said. She got up out of the chair and began to walk around the little room. She looked quickly out of one of the windows, and glanced down at the things on his desk, and went and stood against the Victorian marble mantelpiece. She fixed her hair in the mirror over it and then turned around to him with a smile which meant that now she was all neat again and ready for conversation.

He put his drink down on the floor and got up and went over to her. He put both arms around her hard and began to kiss her, but she did not kiss him back. She kept trying to get away, and he held her, and she tried harder to get away, and finally she pulled out of his arms, looking flushed, and put both hands up to her hair.

"Really," she said. "It's so hot."

"Please let me," he said. "Come on. Let me. I love you. I'm going away tomorrow and I love you so."

"You don't think about anything but that."

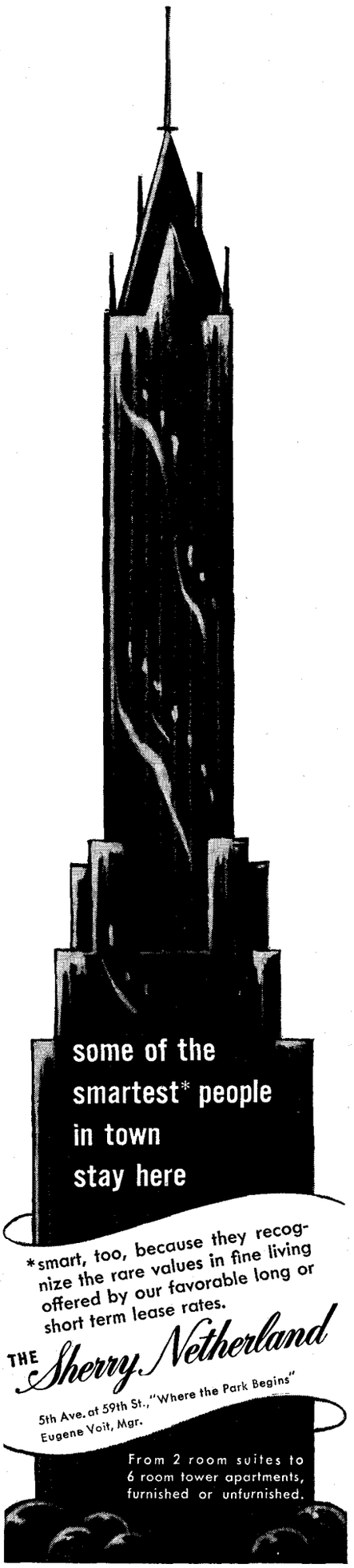
"Of course I don't when you're with me."

She smiled at him, standing in front of her, and put one hand on the lapel of his coat.

"Will you put your officer's cap on for me?"

He glanced up at the top of the walnut wardrobe where his hats were, his old felt hat and his new felt hat and the one she wanted him to put on.

"Can't we forget about that and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have fun together?" he muttered, reaching out for her again.

"I'll kiss you if you'll put your officer's cap on for me."

He walked over to the wardrobe and reached the cap down and put it on his head. He was very tall and the cap made him look taller. He stood perfectly still and grinned at her with all his teeth showing.

She looked up at him and her face lighted up. "You look marvellous," she said. "I wish you'd just keep it on all the time. I *love* the way you look. Kiss me with it on."

He bent his head and kissed her stiffly on the lips.

"I'm kissing an officer," she said. "You know all about giving orders, don't you, darling? You know all about being in the Army, and saluting, and things, don't you?"

"I know all about everything," he said. With the cap still on his head, he put both arms around her and hid his face in her hair. Her arms went around his neck and slid down each side of his back and held him to her. She tipped her head back and kissed him on the mouth. He took one hand away from holding her and took the thing off his head and without looking threw it at the top of the wardrobe. It hit the wall and slipped down behind the wardrobe. He held her tighter, kissing her hair and her ear and her cheek.—NANCY HALE

•

One day we decided to go to California because we had never been there. Twenty minutes after deciding, we had our hub cap pointed straight west.—*Jack Woodford in the Writer's 1940 Year Book.*

How'd you like it, up there in Canada?

•

Mrs. Ida B. Wise Smith, national president of the W.C.T.U., has called upon its members and all religious groups to pray at least one hour next Sunday for the peace of the world, the nation's homes, nomination and election of suitable public officials, the youth of the nation, and the national W.C.T.U. convention in Chicago, August 9-14.—*The Sun.*

Better make it an hour and a quarter.

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From a program of the Elitch Gardens Theatre, Denver*]

It is the direction of George Somnes that moulds, shapes and polishes the sodden clay that in the beginning was the brain-child of the author. Like a football, treading gently on the perfect surface of unmarked ice, Mr. Somnes plays upon the emotions of an audience . . .

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

IT is now clear that all the boys and girls of the millinery business have decided (and when did they ever agree on anything before?) that everything must fit the head. It is also clear that if these same boys and girls have their way (and when did they ever for a moment stop trying?), we are all going to grow pompadours, since very nearly every hat is made to be worn with the hair that way. Not the old, stiff pompadour, naturally, swept back over a birdcage, but a softly curled roll high on the forehead. Whether you like it or not, that's what's expected of you.

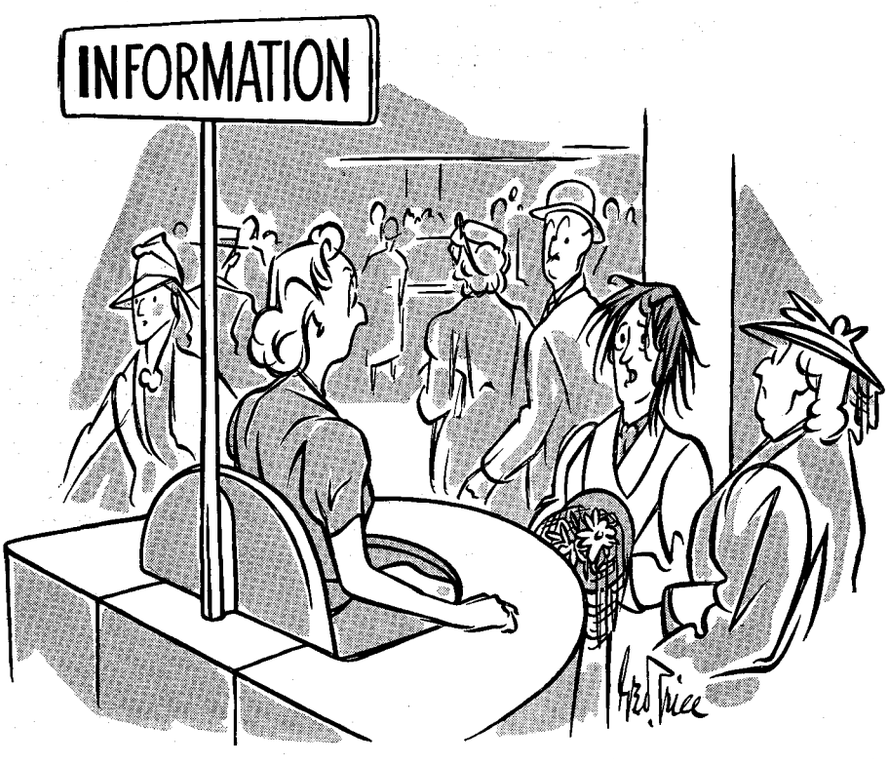
As you might have guessed, John-Frederics will make you like it if anyone can. Their originality starts at the threshold, which is guarded by a doorwoman in an Annie Oakley hat and a trailing skirt. They do lovely things with brims in this shop—brims of the kind men are always clamoring for you to wear. An open-crowned hat of gray felt has a gathered brim rising well aloft, and matching wool lace above the hairline—very becoming. The lines of a green velours buccaneer design are softened in front by a grosgrain bow so low that it nestles among the curls of that pompadour. Another hat, in sage-green jersey, is stitched all over in leaf design; it has childish streamers, a low, round crown (something we haven't seen in these parts lately), and a wide brim that may be bent to suit your mood—down when you feel you're not looking your best; up when you're fresh and wide-eyed. A hat I shall dream of always is large and mushroom-shaped, in soft lavender beaver felt, with bright blue tulle around the crown and a blue-and-cerise tinsel pinwheel at the front. The colors blend smoothly and it is more tailored than it sounds. Braided felt and chenille, reminiscent of our kindergarten days, combine to make a hat with a double rippled brim which flares gently, something like a halo, above the brow.

John and Fred, those madmen, have thought up a new shocker. Considering any sort of trimming like a rabbit's foot old hat (it's the humidity makes me talk like this), they are blandly using a chicken's claw—all yellow, and real as anything—tied by a small wool tassel to a sports hat made of brown scratched felt. This felt, apparently a pet around here, is new to me; it has a long nap and looks as though it had been scratched up considerably by the claw adorning it. There is some not very subdued gaiety in fur, too; see a Daniel Boone cap made of a silver-fox tail and red velvet ribbons. A lovely job, no matter how Boone might have looked in it.

IF you like your hats small and strictly feminine, the people at Bendel have some designed on the premises that may be just what you are looking for. They seem to favor bonnets for pompadours (scalp me if I mention those again) and hats to perch forward over one eye. Among the perchers, some have crowns like enlarged cups on brims resembling inverted saucers. They show these in a bright, bright red; one has a mesh veil swooping over the face, another has a huge gilt pin piercing its self-braided crown. Beau-catchers in brown felt have modified visor brims and clusters of frivolous brown and green grosgrain bows; dressier hats are trimmed with shadow-blue and raspberry velvet ribbons. On the whole, I suspect that at Bendel they like best their off-the-face hats. My favorite is a cap of picot-edged sage-green velvet with a Queen Victoria self ruche high above the forehead, but I also liked a port-wine velours with a pump bow and a matching chenille-dotted veil which forms bonnet strings beneath the chin. One tiny bonnet combines practically everything—a realistic full-blown red rose, a shadow-blue ostrich tip, and touches of purple and lavender ribbon. Only for dignified moments, this one; any ups-a-daisy antics would knock it askew.

NO one could like a lazy summer better than I do, but I'm looking forward to that first frigid day which will bring out onto the streets some of the new fur coats now at Jaeckel, 10 East 57th Street. You will notice changes. For one thing, shoulders are much narrower and flatter than they were last year—no more of those high peaks that used to make your shoulders look as though they were earmuffs. Collars have changed, too; many coats have huge crushed ones that frame the face.

Jaeckel is particularly proud of the coats which were hustled out of France just before Hitler marched in. Among these are sleek, luxurious ones with detail worked as finely as if the material were fabric. Lanvin (just to run over the names of the designers makes you feel you're living in another age) has a long broadtail afternoon coat, with a full back and unbelievably delicate shir-



"Bobbie pins?"

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ring at either side of the neck. Worth, another broadtail enthusiast, is represented by, among others, a princesse coat with a big crushed collar, jewelled buttons, and flat pleated detail. Heim has achieved a miracle in Persian lamb; it's easily one of the best-looking and most youthful coats I've ever seen. Its childish turnover collar is fastened with wide black silk cord run through brass eyelets, a decorative scheme also used to adorn the pockets, and the slightly full sleeves taper down into narrow cuffs at the wrists. A Chaumont reefer is another wonder in Persian lamb; it is double-breasted and is fastened at the waist with only two buttons. Not to be outdone by foreign talent, Jaeckel has designed a smart Persian box jacket of his own, placing an inverted pleat at the back and, beneath it, a wide black broadcloth insert. Broadcloth also trims the four small flap pockets.

Jaeckel also is proud of his new Budget Department, where coats start at around $100 and go up to $500. My favorites in an enormous assortment of furs are a three-quarter-length swagger gray kidskin with a pointed yoke outlined in navy-blue grosgrain; a Persian lamb, square-yoked and outlined in black grosgrain which continues down both sides to give a panelled effect. If you prefer brown, there is an Alaska seal, very bronze in tone, which fastens close to the throat, but is cut so that if you wear it open, it forms short revers. Go look for yourself; this collection should please even the most difficult customer. —M. M.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Peace of Mind

ALTHOUGH people who plan to move in October are up to their ears in schemes for making their new homes as handsome and comfortable as possible, it's ten to one only a handful of them are giving any thought to burglar protection. This problem usually is left to the last minute, and then is only too likely to be temporized with by an extra lock or chain for the front door picked up at a hardware shop on the casual recommendation of a clerk.

I've prattled about a number of locks, alarms, and peep-hole safety devices in the past, but these have been mostly dependent for their effectiveness upon their own strength, your fortitude, or the alertness of the cop on the corner. Now, however, you can go a lot farther to keep marauders out of your town house or apartment by calling in the Holmes Electric Protective Company, which

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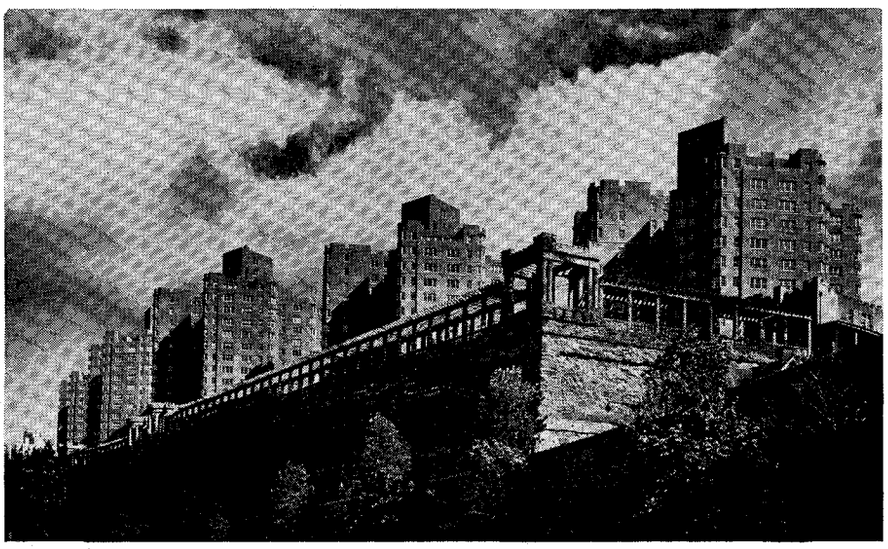
stands ready to put your mind at rest by providing a complete protection service. The basis of this is a sort of triple-threat system, consisting of bars at any windows through which a thief might enter, alarm locks for outside doors, and an emergency button which you'll probably want placed in your bedroom wall, within easy reach of your bed. Interference with the bars or the locks, or just a jab from you on the button, will sound an alarm in the Holmes office nearest your home and bring armed guards lickety-split, keys in hand so they'll be able to get to you no matter what. The window bars are not the conventionally massive ones, for they're intended not to be impregnable but simply to convey warning signals. They don't interfere with ventilation, can be swiftly removed in case of fire, and won't obstruct the most ambitious interior-decorating plans. Holmes clients all like the green signal light which the company places outside their entrance doors. It is the homecoming householder's assurance that nothing has disturbed the alarm system while he was absent and that no intruder is inside, for any tampering with locks or bars extinguishes the light. Women who live alone claim that this by itself is worth the cost of the service. The charge isn't much, at that—about $8 a month for a house or for a single apartment; if three or more tenants in one building subscribe, the cost is about $5 apiece. This includes installation. The Holmes Company is at 370 Seventh Avenue.

SINCE summer promises to go on a while longer, you may like to know about the handmade rope hammocks at the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th). They are made of thin, soft rope, in a manner to delight connoisseurs of knotting, and, unlike most hammocks, get along without the customary rigid bar at the head end; instead, they are completely limp, and simply curl up around you when you get in, holding you in a sort of giant snood. A single-mesh hammock costs $6.50; a double-mesh one, for heavyweights, is $9.75. If you are being leisurely in the country, you probably also can use a folding lapboard that opens out wide to bridge a deck chair from arm to arm, and offers ample desk or table surface for reading, writing, lunch, or whatever. This is $3 in mahogany or walnut finish, and a great convenience for daylong loungers outdoors.

ANYONE who happens to have notions of her own about how a piano should look ought to get in touch

RIVERVIEW APARTMENTS—2, 3, 4 and 5 ROOMS



TO NEW YORKERS AT LARGE—

{The Lion is Cowed}

A FEW years ago it occurred to the Commissioner of Parks to exhibit in Central Park—A COW. Hence New Yorkers now are as familiar with the angular anatomy of the herbiferous bovine as with the streamlined contour of the carnivorous lord of the jungle—THE LION.

By the same token, New Yorkers long have been familiar with the features of luxurious apartments which line our best thoroughfares, hailed as the quintessence of perfection, which they are—INSIDE. But now there is a kind of apartment home, new to New Yorkers, which offers long lost delights as homespun and humble as the cow—LIGHT AND AIR.

Obviously, when an apartment house covers 80% of its site and stands in the shadow of similar buildings a lot of sunlight is eclipsed and many rooms have windows on courts and backyards. However, at Castle Village Dr. Charles V. Paterno covered only 20% of a parked site with five widely separated buildings in which every window commands absolutely unobstructed light and air. And as Castle Village happens to stand on the crest of a cliff overlooking the Hudson and Palisades, windows overlook the most magnificent view the City affords.

★

We suggest you visit and inspect Castle Village, its gardens, roof decks 300 feet above the River, furnished exhibition suites, large ramp garage on the premises, and available* fireproof apartments in their setting of country quiet and isolation, surrounded by nature's beauty and inspiration.

*At this writing Castle Village is 85% rented. Remaining apartments are equal in kind and value to those already occupied.

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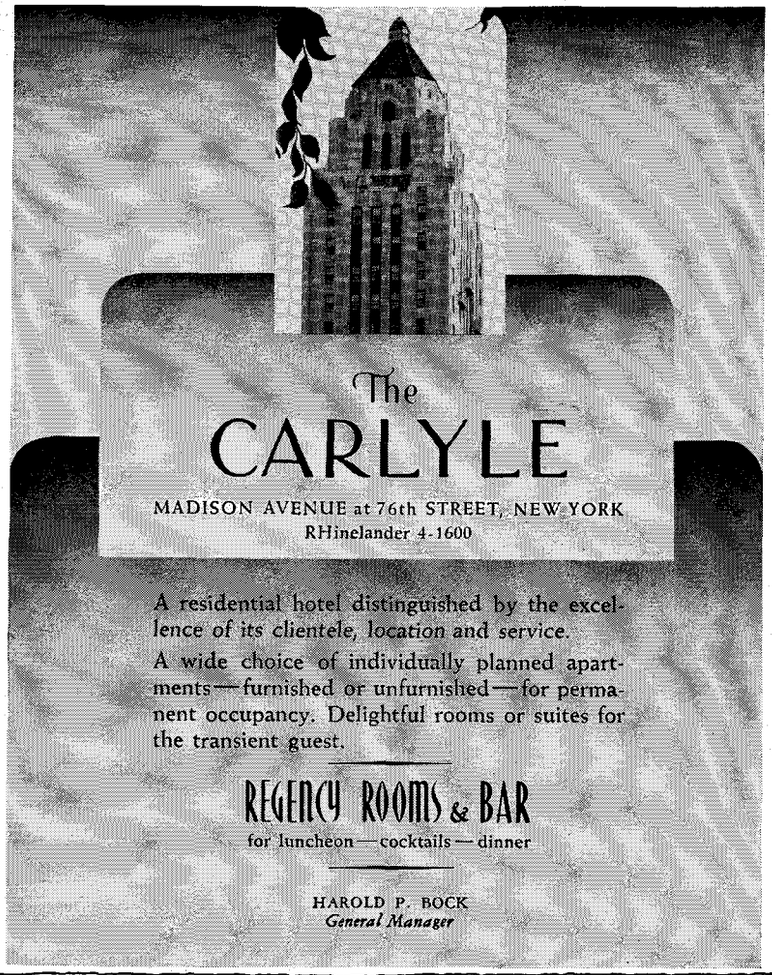
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IT'S A TOAST we all would gladly join—to our kind of civilization, with its free enjoyment of leisure! Old England practiced well this art of living . . . and one of its small pleasures was the tangy "Gin-and-Tonic" made with Schweppes Indian Quinine Water. Naturally, America adopted the vogue. Naturally, imitations have sprung up. But to be sure of the real thing, insist on imported Schweppes . . . ask that the original bottle be served with the "Gin-and-Tonic" when you order one at a bar.

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with the custom department of Krakauer Brothers, at 115 West 57th Street. Krakauer's men, who have been making pianos for years, will design one to suit any space or whim, turning out the case in rare woods that will intensify the exotic touch you are presumably striving for. They'll work from your own design, too, however fanciful it may be. A while ago, one client had a piano built to look like an airplane; you have to go to almost unimaginable lengths to stump the Krakauer craftsmen. —B. B.

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THE REALTOR LOOKS AT LIFE AND WAR

[*Adv. in the Dallas Morning News*]

OWNER HAS TO SELL AT ONCE. There hasn't been a bigger bargain in Dallas in the last twenty years and there won't be for ten more years. Regardless of who whips in this war we are going to have a big boom and inflated prices. If the German's take France and England, their governments will be forced to move to Canada and prices will go completely out of sight as there will be a terrific demand on our production and manpower getting ourselves protected against attack. In fact prices of lumber and steel are already rising due to ship building contracts, and rents and all building products are sure to jump more. If the Allies win it will be a long, slow process possibly without help over a period of fifteen years and we will have the same inflation and situation. There is just one thing we can do to protect ourselves against high rents, high interest, high prices and that is buy now at low prices, and low interest and if worst comes to worst and we have to go fight, the government will take care of our homes for us. You can rest assured of that but we don't figure U. S. is going to pay anybody's rent but he will have to pay our notes for us. I figure Hitler and Mussolini will get assassinated eventually and, we will, if drawn into the conflict win after a terrific struggle but not until we make great changes in our national character and have overcome many of the evils that engulf us now. And getting back to this bargain that you won't see for a long time, if ever, don't let the low price fool you into thinking this place isn't as fine as any you can buy and of the finest material built under direct supervision of owner and FHA. It is a stone Georgian colonial with huge gameroom or guest room and bath downstairs and two very large bedrooms and bath upstairs, maid's room and bath attached and it sits on over a half-acre in the finest exclusive section. Price $9,750 with lot; car or $1,000 cash down, or with a very little more down the terms are only $43 month, 4½% included. Recently appraised at $12,500. If you deal directly with the owner, will cut the sales commission of $450 out of down payment. Only four months old, deck porch and large screen porch. Must sell. For many reasons the location is not advertised but call 5-3206 and owner will gladly give you location and no questions asked.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Popular Records

THE harmonica, in company with a number of other similarly undistinguished-looking instruments capable somehow of producing musical sounds, has had its share of being kicked around by people who regard it as lowly. The loyal few who resent this attitude (and a lot of others who aren't fussy about the instrument as long as the music's good) are going to welcome the four records which Larry Adler has just made for Columbia and which are presented as Album C-18. Mr. Adler, as you are probably aware by now, is a virtuoso of the harmonica, and in his case, virtuoso is no loosely applied term. He is all that and, considering the natural limitations of the instrument, more. On these records he displays his amazing skill in a variety of pieces ranging from "The Continental" to the "Rhapsody in Blue." Between these extremes, he successfully manages "I've Got You Under My Skin," "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," Fritz Kreisler's "Caprice Viennois," the Ravel "Bolero," and De Falla's "Ritual Fire Dance." He is accompanied by an orchestra except in the Kreisler number, for which a two-piano team helps out.

COLLECTORS of the recorded music of George Gershwin will find the new General Records set, G-14, a valuable addition to their files. Here are eight of the composer's lesser-known songs, sung in a straightforward and sympathetic manner by George Byron, baritone, with smooth piano accompaniments by Bobby Tucker. To give you an idea of the album's scope, one of the songs, "The Half of It Dearie Blues," is from the 1924 musical comedy "Lady Be Good," and another, "I Love to Rhyme," from "The Goldwyn Follies," which came out of Hollywood in 1938. No matter what their vintage, these, as well as such lesser-known items as "Lorelei," "Blah-Blah-Blah," and "Three Times a Day," all have their share of the Gershwin sparkle.

MARTHA RAYE takes time out from her movie duties occasionally to make a record, and it's always well

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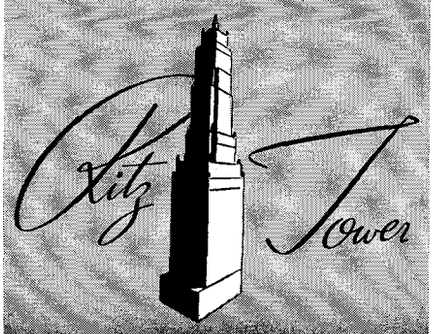

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CHAS. J. McCAULEY, MANAGER

worth listening to. In her latest (Columbia 35522), she sings "Body and Soul" with a voice that is as appealing as always and with a restraint that shows she knows how the old torch songs should be handled for modern audiences. On the other side, she does a refreshingly breezy bit of work with the sprightly "Peter, Peter Pumpkin Eater." Dave Rose's orchestra contributes effective backgrounds.

NOW for this month's list of recommended dance records. Swing, as usual, is denoted by asterisks and, as you can see, is still abundantly with us:

CENTRAL AVENUE BREAKDOWN* and JACK THE BELLBOY*—Lionel Hampton and his orchestra. Both sides present hot music at its best. Hampton does an extraordinary piano job in "Central Avenue Breakdown" and equals it with an exciting drum performance in the "Bellboy" number. (*Victor 26652*)

BLUE RHYTHM FANTASY*—Gene Krupa and his orchestra. Mr. Krupa and his men use up two sides in developing this piece. Shifting harmonies, melodious sequences, and a long drum cadenza are the high spots. (*Okeh 5627*)

TEMPTATION and I TOUCHED A STAR—Glen Gray and his orchestra. The finely balanced, precise playing of this superior band could put over almost any tune. When, as here, both melodies are better than average, the results are really something. (*Decca 3232*)

HEAVY TRAFFIC ON CANAL STREET* and MOOD IN QUESTION—New Friends of Rhythm. This ensemble has been immeasurably improved by the addition of a clarinet to its forces. "Heavy Traffic" turns out to be a series of variations on an old Italian air, "The Carnival of Venice." "Mood in Question" is an original by Alan Shulman, violist of the outfit. (*Victor 26647*)

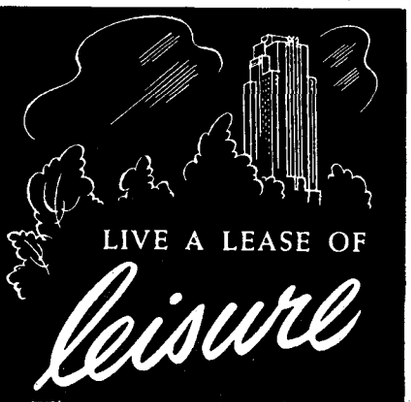
BEAT ME DADDY*—Will Bradley and his orchestra. Boogie-woogie rhythm, as good as it comes, is worked in lavishly throughout this double-length offering. Freddie Slack's piano-playing and Ray McKinley's drumming set the pace for a completely exhilarating performance. (*Columbia 35530*)

A MILLION DREAMS AGO and AVALON—Dick Jurgens and his orchestra. Illustrating perfectly what can be accomplished by a band whose playing is simple, direct, and devoted to the idea of bringing out the melody. (*Okeh 5628*)

APRIL IN PARIS and KING FOR A DAY—Artie Shaw and his orchestra. The leader's clarinet is much in the picture here, and, as always, his glib technique is something to wonder at. The band's new orchestral style, combining the best elements of swing and sweet playing, does exceedingly well by these familiar old songs. (*Victor 26654*)

JAM SESSION AT THE COMMODORE, No. 3*—All-Star Band. A dozen or so of the best hot musicians in the business get together to slow-swing the daylights out of "A Good Man Is Hard to Find." Two twelve-inch records are needed to turn the trick and, if the ensemble sequences aren't all they should be to achieve clarity, the solos by such eminent players as Joe Marsala, Bud Freeman, Eddie Condon, Muggsy Spanier, and others are singularly deft. (*Commodore 1504-5*)

—OFFBEAT



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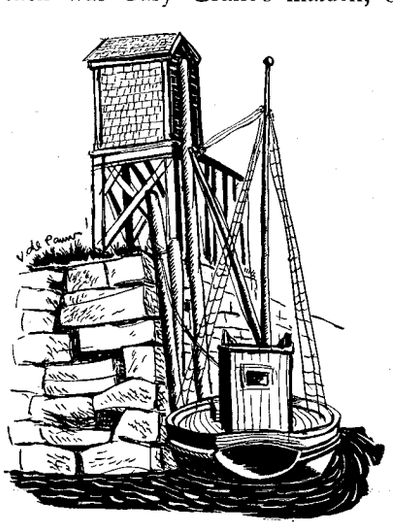
WHITHER HOLLYWOOD?

THERE has been considerable talk of late about the critical state of affairs prevailing in Hollywood. The war, it seems, has curtailed foreign markets; therefore productions have to be less costly, therefore Cecil B. De Mille has to get along somehow with only a few thousand extras, therefore the extra extras have to ride the rods back to wherever they came from. In the excitement nobody has paid much attention to what I regard as a good, peaceful reason for the imminent curtailment of Hollywood's *domestic* markets. I refer to the growing practice of allowing movie characters to step suddenly out of their parts and reveal themselves as actors rather than lovers, gangsters, or whatever the public has paid for the privilege of supposing they are.

I first noticed this tendency in "His Girl Friday," a recent version of "The Front Page," with Cary Grant and Ralph Bellamy. At one point during the action, Bellamy was sitting in a taxicab from which Grant, for reasons of his own, wished to have him removed. Grant instructed one of his subordinates to attend to the matter. "You'll recognize him," Grant said casually. "He looks like that guy in the movies—Ralph Bellamy." At that, half the audience laughed, which was evidently half of what the producers wanted, but the other spectators merely seemed troubled, apparently unaware of the fact that Bellamy was in the cast and having no idea of what he looked like. In the same picture, by the way, Grant said, while simulating dejection, that he hadn't felt so bad since Archie Leach committed suicide. This meant nothing to me at the time, but a few days later I ran into a conscientious reader of movie magazines who told me that Archie Leach was Cary Grant's maiden, or



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pre-Hollywood, name. I saw another manifestation of this new technique the other night in "Our Town." I'll admit that this is a rather special case, but when Frank Craven, as the narrator, began talking from the screen to the man in the projection booth, a few spectators were visibly worried and kept looking over their shoulders, waiting for the projectionist to make some answer, and thus missing a couple of interesting scenes in the picture.

AFTER I had slunk out of the theatre, hoping Mr. Craven wouldn't notice my departure and utter some crackling comment, I bought a copy of the New York *Post*. In it were two items of note, both of them on the same page. The first, in "The Lyons Den," said:

MISCHA AUER: An unbilled feature actor will make a sneak appearance in your new movie, "Margy." Andy Devine, whose name won't be included as a member of the cast, will make one appearance—just before the final scene. He opens a door into a room where all the characters in the story are assembled, and calls out "Hello, Buck." Then, when he sees the other actors, his face saddens, and he exits, sighing: "Pardon me, folks. I must be in the wrong picture."

Just below this, in a column called "The Gossipel Truth," I read:

John Barrymore in "The Great Profile" will stop playing his part, turn to the audience and say, "Any similarity between the character I portray and myself is purely coincidental."

Ignoring the fact that such delightful absurdities lose some of their effectiveness by being nationally syndicated before the pictures they build up are even released, I should like to point out what will inevitably come of all this. Lazy script-writers, unable to decide how to free Marlene Dietrich from the clutches of a frenzied Bedouin tribe, will simply have her turn full face to the camera and say, "Sorry, friends, but we haven't yet figured out what to do at this point. Maybe we just ought to stop here." People will conclude that perhaps they shouldn't have come to the movie at all, and American culture will begin to crumble. Secretaries who endure the lash of a junior vice-president for eight hours a day will no longer be able to comfort themselves with the vicarious enjoyment of Clark Gable's caresses when they have reason to suspect that Mr. Gable will disentangle himself at any moment from an embrace with Hedy Lamarr to announce that he isn't really kissing her very hard and that if he tried any such thing, Carole would never stand for it. "Besides," I can hear him saying disarmingly, "Hedy here isn't a very delectable morsel in her panchromatic makeup. Brown lips! Ugh!" It would take more than a soulful look on Hedy's part to recreate a tender mood after such a break as this, and the secretaries who have been foolish enough to attend the picture will undoubtedly talk back to the junior vice-presidents the next day and lose their jobs, like the Hollywood extras.

The movies' playfulness will probably result in the comeback of the legitimate stage. There, at least, if the unexpected happens and a man leaps across the orchestra pit into your lap, you can be reasonably sure that it is either Olsen or Johnson, and start shooting.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

• •

TAKING NO CHANCES

Brief Recognition of Some Persons Who Have Recently Shown a Pronounced Inclination to Play Safe

THE LOCALE	THE PLAYERS	THE PLAYS
Portsmouth, Ohio	W. T. Funk	Resigning himself at the age of 87 to the idea of an abrupt death, he started paying his room rent on a day-to-day basis.
Cincinnati	Loyal Order of Moose	They abolished the lodge office of Dictator.
London	Alice M. Cox	She asked in her will that an umbrella be placed beside her in her coffin.
Glenburnie, Virginia	Residents	They petitioned against building a Presbyterian church (white) in their town on the ground that it might disturb "the peace and tranquillity of our community."
New York	Jane Wakeman	When her studies in astrology convinced her the end of the world was imminent, she committed suicide to escape that catastrophe.
Chicago	Mrs. Mary Mares	Brought into court on a charge of fortune-telling, she predicted that the judge would be elevated to a higher bench.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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BOOKS

The Flowering of Van Wyck Brooks

THE book thousands have been waiting for is out at last, and the only essential news is that it is at least as fine as its predecessor—to my taste, even finer. "New England: Indian Summer," continuing the story so brilliantly begun in "The Flowering of New England," confirms once more the indisputable position of Van Wyck Brooks as the premier literary historian now at work in the United States. If there is a careless, a vulgar, an inexact phrase in the whole of these five hundred and forty-three lucent pages, I have still to find it. Evenly, humanely, lovingly, the mind of Van Wyck Brooks arranges in an easy and comprehensible order the long literary period from the close of the Civil War to 1915, recreating a New England whose major note is a minor one—decline and decay—varied by occasional bursts of more vigorous harmonies. It is not the least of Mr. Brooks' talents that he makes the era of Aldrich, Henry Adams, and Henry James—men either pallid or divided within themselves—as interesting as the epoch of the giants—Emerson, Thoreau, and Sumner. It is not greatness as such that interests Brooks, but the whole life of a culture, whether that life includes titans or not.

Boston still seemed its old self directly after Appomattox, and the population of Cambridge consisted entirely of authors. "When one little girl said to another, 'Your grandfather is a poet, is he not?' the natural reply could only be, 'Why, yes, isn't yours?'" But while many great figures still survived—Lowell, Parkman, Norton—the glory was insensibly beginning to depart, though thirty-five years were to elapse before Boston's culture finally dimmed into the twilight of Alexandrianism. The reasons for the decline—the domination of money as the standard of value, the impoverishment of the small, independent farmer, the actual biological diminution of the old Yankee stock—are indicated clearly but without any creaky apparatus of economic research. Brooks is not an analyst of cultures so much as an appreciator of them, a recreator of them.

The book is rich in its rediscoveries (for most of us, surely, discoveries) of minor figures—Child, the great ballad-collector to whom our hillbilly singers owe their radio fortunes; Celia Thaxter, the poetess of the Isles of Shoals; Tom Hazard, author of "The Jonny-Cake Papers;" Raphael Pumpelly, the amazing miner; Tom Appleton, who made a successful profession out of dilettantism; even Thomas Bailey Aldrich, that little Howells; the exotic F. Marion Crawford; the delicate minor genius, Sarah Orne Jewett; Barrett Wendell, the weary snob who repudiated the entire culture without which he would have been even less than he was.

Through the book, and giving it a certain form, almost like narrative, wander three larger figures: William Dean Howells, who, during his Boston period, represented post-Civil War New England at its most urbanely self-satisfied; Henry Adams, who, on the contrary, symbolized its dissatisfaction—the subtle, weak man with a frustrated will to power, who wrote as one having a clear head, no heart, and a sour stomach; and Henry James, the expatriate who single-handed created a new provincialism—the provincialism of the cosmopolite.

Brooks is more successful with Howells and Henry James than he is with men who, like William James and Brooks Adams, require the interpretation of one skilled in philosophy and the sciences, but, while he is often incomplete, he is never shallow.

His pictures (Emily Dickinson "was always in the act of disappearing") have the sharpness of a good photograph plus the illumination a photograph rarely has. This is true whether he is animating people, places, or intangible atmospheres.

The book is a joy and a possession in which we as a nation may take pride. I do not think I can do better than to plagiarize myself and repeat, if I may, some words spoken in 1937 on the occasion of a public tribute to the author of these beautiful books:

The awards given to Van Wyck Brooks during the past three years testify not merely to the integrity and excellence of his literary production but to the deep influence his entire career has had on all who care for a true American culture. For those things Americans now hold dearer than ever, Mr. Brooks has been a tireless and quiet worker since his first publication in 1908. He has awakened us to the flaws and weaknesses of our pres-

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ent; he has re-realized for us our past; he is one of those who give us heart to face and build the future.

THIS seems to be Sequel Week. In 1935 appeared L. H. Myers' "The Root and the Flower," a masterpiece among philosophical novels and one which has not yet found its audience. Now comes its sequel, "The Pool of Vishnu," composed in the same timeless and unmannered prose and carrying on the story with much the same cast of characters if rather less of the old magic. No one who admired "The Root and the Flower" will fail to read its continuation, but though the first book was full and grave, the second tends, if only occasionally, to be long-winded and portentous. Yet it has scenes—Platonic dialogues, one had better call them—as serene as anything in recent literature.

The action takes place in sixteenth-century India, during the reign of the great Akbar. But Indian politics and royal intrigues form merely the decorative surface beneath which the real theme of the book—a debate on whether man is to be considered as an end or as a means—flows like an endless river.

Mr. Myers is in no hurry, any more than his Gandhi-like guru, who is always ready to deliver a lecture, sometimes profound, sometimes only didactic, on the human heart and its devious intelligence. Don't read "The Pool of Vishnu" if you have anything pressing on hand. Not much happens in it except thought, and perhaps there is a shade too much of that.

IF I may be allowed to forget its last forty pages (which treat of modern marriage more gaseously than anything I can remember since the flatulent Keyserling), I must report that Denis de Rougemont's "Love in the Western World" interested me about as much as any book of non-fiction I have read this year. Its ideas are so complex, numerous, and suggestive that I cannot hope to summarize them for you. The author describes his book as "a kind of outline-history of the cult of passion." Perhaps one might call it the "Golden Bough" of romantic love, for in effect it analyzes Western love from the viewpoint of the student of comparative religion and mythology.

What was treated as an aberration, a disease, in Greece, Rome, and the ancient East has become, since the time of the Provençal troubadours, a cult, a ritual, a religion, and finally—to judge from the modern novel after Richardson and Rousseau—the major content of life. How did this happen? What

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does the myth of Tristan and Iseult—the central myth of Western passion, of which all others are variations—conceal, from the viewpoint of the anatomist of mysticism? In what way is the "breakdown" of modern marriage connected with the changes that have taken place in the ritual of passion? Is the death wish of love (see "Tristan" again) today being transplanted into politics, into the field of total war? And does this transplantation explain some of the deeper roots of the Fascist-Communist world revolution?

It is to such questions that M. de Rougemont devotes his fertile theorizing ability, his considerable scholarship, and a kind of religious intuitiveness that reminds one of Kierkegaard, by whom he has obviously been greatly influenced. I recommend this startling book—for it is startling—not so much to professional practitioners of passion as to serious students of the social and religious myths on which the mind structure of modern Europe still rests, though not too securely.

The translation, by Montgomery Belgion, must have been a difficult job, and reads well.

IT is a novelist's truism that one's moral climate changes with the latitude. The broadening, not to say loosening, effects of travel have provided a standard theme for any number of fictions, of which Odysseus's Circean adventure is the classic and "South Wind" the modern type. "Action in Havana," by Elinor Rice, carefully ties a new knot in a rope that stretches back to antiquity.

The Avery family—Howard, the sugar millionaire; Maris, his beautiful, narcist wife; Julie, his rebellious sister; and Laura, his adoring old-maid sister—find that the atmosphere of a journey to and through Cuba is sufficient to undermine what they had considered the firm bases of their beings. Maris has her troubles with a jai-alai player; Howard has to face the fact that his benevolent Yankee industrial imperialism cannot exist unless certain Cubans suffer and die; Julie goes all out for a talkative Irish journalist named Malone; and even poor Laura has a quarter of a fling.

Miss Rice is over-fond of tailored epigrams and apt puns. Her serious characterizations—Maris, the Babbitty Janssens, and so on—are more memorable than her Noel Coward dialogue. It is to be hoped that her future work will emphasize depth rather than surface. She is too intelligent to have to depend on being smart. I should say, at the risk of sounding extra-superlative, that "Ac-

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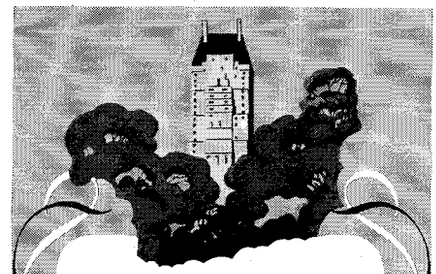
tion in Havana" is better than "The *Best* Butter," the clever novel with which she made her début a couple of years ago. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

MYSTERY AND CRIME

IT seems more than likely that "Verdict of Twelve," a first novel by Raymond Postgate, will be judged the best mystery of this year and of many years to come. The author, assuming that "every murder case is really tried not by the evidence presented to the jurors, but by the jurors' reactions to that evidence, and that they are governed solely by their own lives previous to the day when they sit holding the power of life and death over a fellow mortal," starts his book with a short, vitriolic sketch of Juror No. 1, Miss Victoria Mary Atkins. The clerk of assize administers the oath to Miss Atkins and sees in her a commonplace, severe-looking, middle-aged woman dressed neatly in black, but Mr. Postgate quietly turns the pages of Miss Atkins' appalling past and leaves the reader gasping for breath and for more. One by one the jurors take the oath, and one by one they are skinned alive before your eyes. There is Arthur George Popesgrove, born Achilles Papanastasiou, who is now as English as the Magna Carta; there is Dr. Holmes, well-known Greek scholar and fellow of his college, also homosexual and drunkard; there are Edward Bryan, religious fanatic, Alice Rachel Morris, victim of tragedy, Ivor William Blake, actor and poseur, and six others whose lives are briefly and sharply revealed.

Then, having pitilessly exposed the jurors, Mr. Postgate presents the case. It is the case of Mrs. Rosalie van Beer, who stands accused of the murder of her eleven-year-old nephew Philip. Philip, orphaned and left to the unimaginative care of his cruelly ignorant aunt, is a poor specimen of a boy—near-sighted, weak, and unhealthy as the result of a childhood spent in India. Philip has one love, Sredni Vashtar, his rabbit. And from the time the rabbit escapes into the garden and nibbles the head off a prize bloom to the sickening moment when he kicks and fights for his life in the gas oven while Philip screams outside the locked kitchen door, the horror of the relationship between aunt and nephew has the same nightmarish quality that one finds in Henry James' "Turn of the Screw."

The trial follows Philip's own heartbreaking death, with the leading counsel for the defence, Sir Isambard Alexander Burns, Bt., K. C., reading aloud



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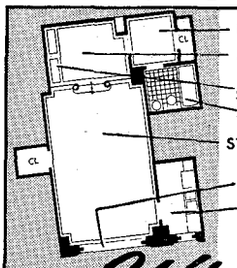

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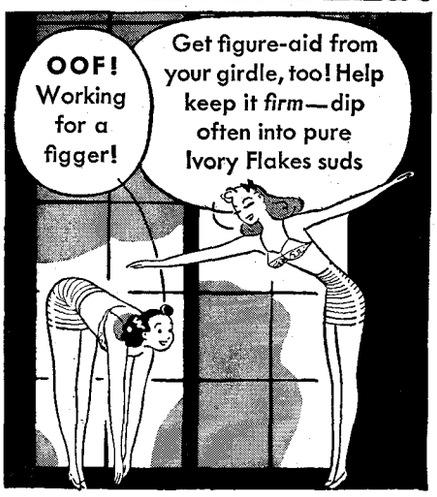

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from Saki's "Sredni Vashtar," and Dr. Richard Taylor of Harley Street mouthing platitudes of complexes and traumas. The jurors retire, and the pendulum in the mind of each swings backward and forward from guilty to not guilty. In the courtroom, the audience waits for the verdict. It is quiet and the air is stale. Mr. Proudie, leading counsel for the Crown, hurries out to gulp down two grilled chops and a half bottle of claret. The judge sits in his room, his eyes almost shut, until he finally falls asleep. The prisoner, her hands trembling, smokes one Gold Flake after another. Sir Isambard stands at a bar, drinking beer and eating a ham sandwich. In the jury room the struggle goes on until the audience in court has dwindled to twenty. What the verdict is and how it is arrived at cannot be told here.

"Verdict of Twelve" is a superb piece of writing and makes other horror stories seem flat and undiscerning.

—SALLY BENSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

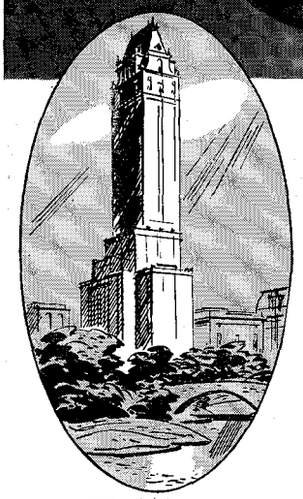
THE WAY TO SANTIAGO, by Arthur Calder-Marshall. A thoroughly readable novel of political plots, attempted assassinations, and general conniving in present-day Mexico. The hero is a young newspaper man accidentally plunged into an abortive revolution; the villain is a Nazi mastermind outwitted not so much by the hero as by his own weaknesses. The background of Mexico, romantic, violent, ignorant, malarial, and hostile to Europeans, is admirably handled.

THIS DYNASTY OF DOCTORS, by Rhoda Truax. A novel about a family of doctors. Unfortunately, Miss Truax is so set on giving the history of medicine from the days of the butcher surgeons to the modern Johns Hopkins Hospital, all sterile and scientific, that she forgets to make her doctors interesting people. As information-dispenser, however, she rates high.

BROADSIDES, by R. W. Daly. A young Irishman's adventures in the British Navy during the Napoleonic wars. Instructive, too, with lessons in the art of naval warfare and in the Irish political intrigues of the time. Still, there are enough pretty girls to sweeten the dose.

GENERAL

THE BRIDGE, by Ernest Poole. The author of "The Harbor" and "His Family" tells his thoughtful personal



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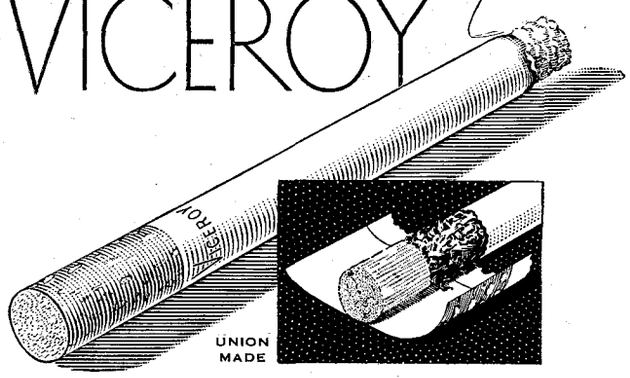

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story. Mr. Poole was a Socialist forty years ago, and the most valuable part of his chronicle deals with the radical movement just before and during the first World War. There are also interesting reminiscences of revolutionary Russia and early Fascist Italy, but the tone of the book becomes more and more uncertain as its distinguished author advances into our time.

BIG RIVER TO CROSS, by Ben Lucien Burman, with drawings by Alice Caddy. A fine, lazy, charming, slightly overwritten book that brings Mark Twain up to date. Mr. Burman is generally recognized as the leading interpreter of the Mississippi, so you can trust him. Everything's here, from steamboat dogs to the government river fleet. Local stuff at its most ingratiating.

AIRPOWER, by Major Al Williams. In this long, detailed book, Major Williams handles his subject without gloves. Basing it largely on his first-hand observation of the growth of Fascist air power from 1936 to 1940, he drives home with terrific force the lesson we apparently still need—that we are years behind European military aviation and that we need an air force separate from any other arm of the service. The Major deals in facts, not rhetoric. Read him, and you'll feel like writing your congressman.

THE IRRESPONSIBLES, by Archibald MacLeish. This is the now famous prose declaration in which Mr. MacLeish eloquently (and perhaps too severely) takes his own literary generation to task for its failure to fight and write for the ideals Fascism is now destroying.

SOUTH OF YESTERDAY, by Gregory Mason. Entertaining popularized archeology—old Mayan cities and Indian ruins—and a stopover among the modern Kagaba Indians. Illustrated.

SUCH WAS SARATOGA, by Hugh Bradley. Saratoga's gaudy goings-on, from Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne, through the Morrissey and Dick Canfield eras, down to its present parimutuel and state-spa incarnation. All in the standard Herbert Asbury manner, and interesting enough, particularly to racing enthusiasts.

•

Probable amendment of the Burke-Wadsworth conscription bill now before Congress will not affect My-day plans filed in War Department pigeon holes for several years.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Okay, Mrs. R.

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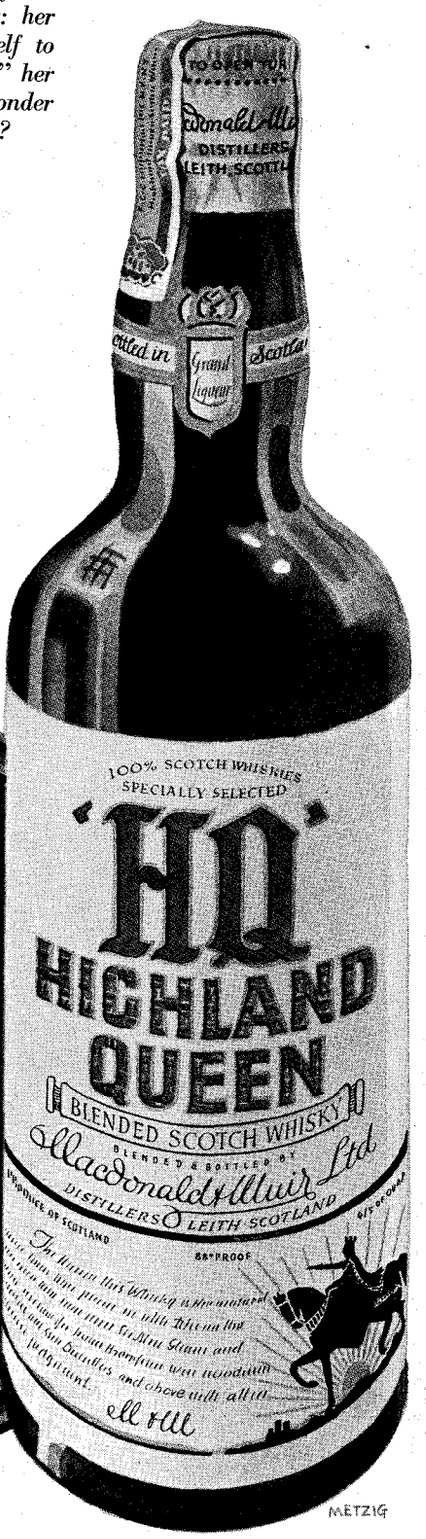

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